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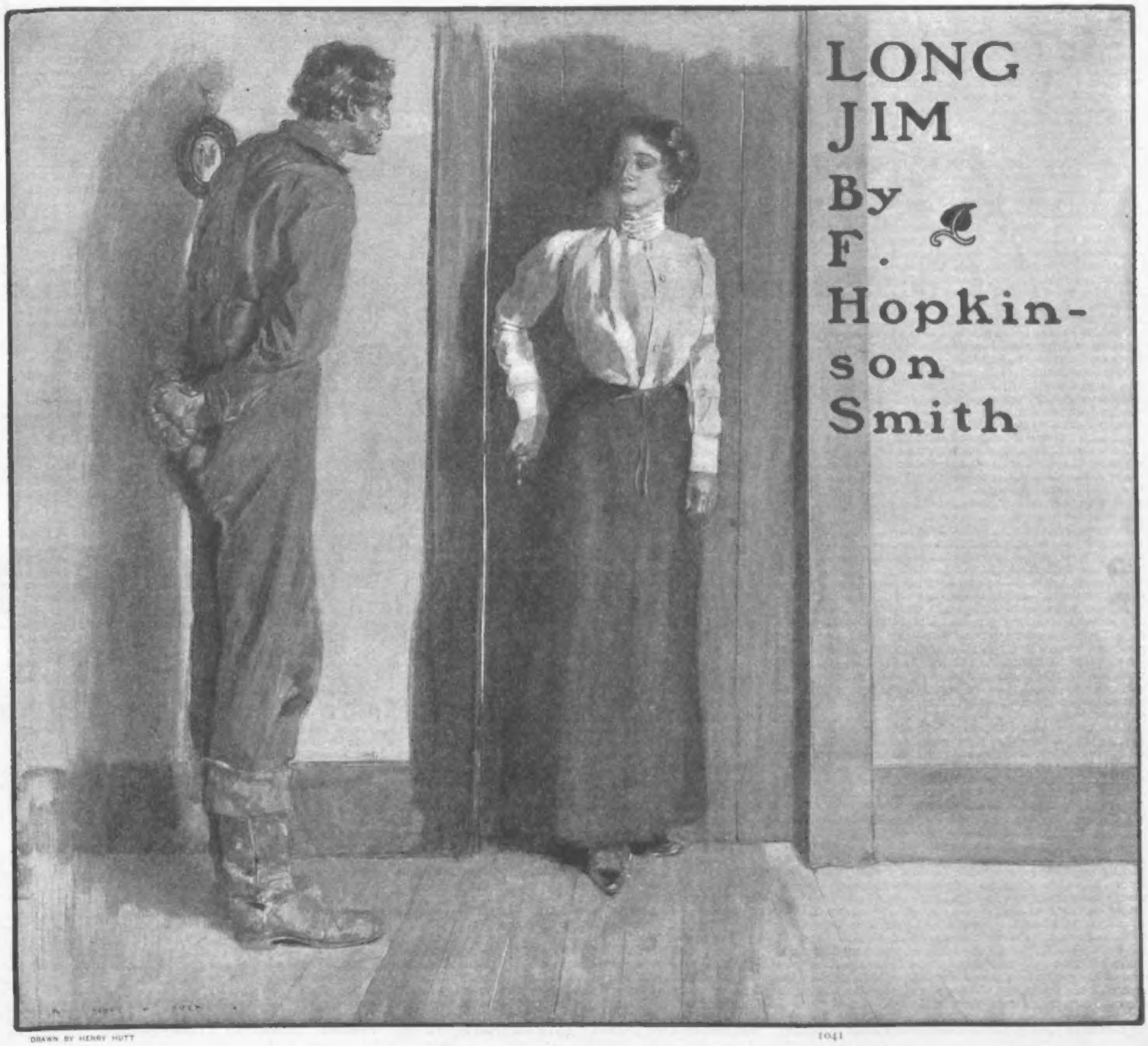

LONG JIM

By F. Hopkinson Smith

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

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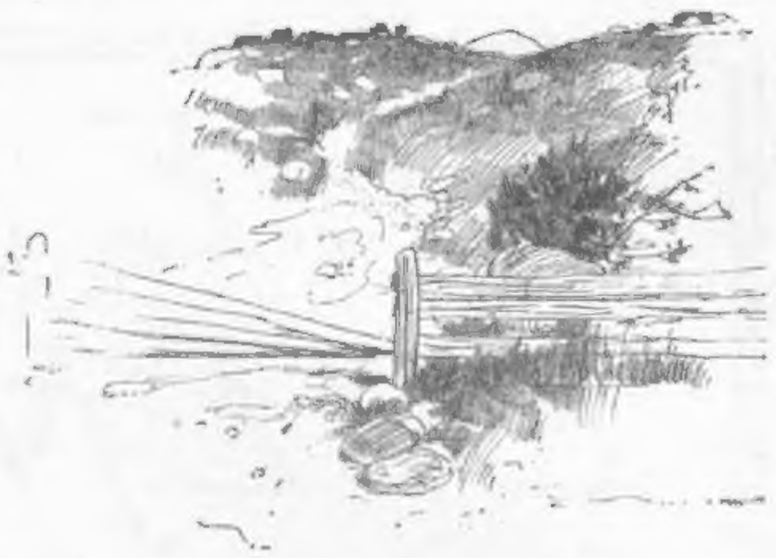


JIM met me at the station. I knew it was Jim when I caught sight of him loping along the platform, craning his neck, his head on one side as if in search of some one. He had the same stoop in his shoulders; the same long, disjointed, shambling body—six feet and more of it—that had earned him his sobriquet.

"Guess you be him," he said, recognizing me as easily, his face breaking suddenly into a broad smile as I stepped on to the platform. "Old man 'lowed I'd know ye right away, but I kind o' mistrusted till I see ye stop and look 'round same's if ye'd lost the trail. I'll take them traps and that bag if ye don't mind," and he relieved me of my sketch kit and bag. "Buckboard's right out here behind the freight shed," and he pointed across the track. "Old mare's kinder skeery o' the engine, so I tied her a piece off."

He was precisely the man I had expected to find—even to his shaggy gray hair matted close about his ears, wrinkled, leathery face and long, scrawny neck. He wore the same rough, cowhide boots and the very hat I had seen so often reproduced—such a picturesque slouch of a hat with that certain cant to the rim which betokens long usage and not a little comfort, especially on balsam boughs with the sky for a covering, and only the stars to light one to bed.

I had heard all these several details and appointments described ever so minutely by an enthusiastic brother brush who had spent the preceding summer with old man Marvin—Jim's employer—but he had forgotten to mention, or had failed to notice, the peculiar softness of his voice and his timid, shrinking eyes—the eyes of a dog rather than those of a man—not cowardly eyes, nor sneaking eyes—more those of one who had suffered constantly from sudden, unexpected blows, and who shrank from your gaze and dodged it as does a hound that misunderstands a gesture.

"Old man's been 'spectin' ye for a week," Jim rambled on as he led the way to the shed, hitching up his one leather suspender that kept the brown overalls snug up under his armpits. "P'raps ye expected him to meet ye," he continued, "but ye don't know him. He ain't that kind. He won't go even for Ruby."

"Who's Ruby?" The brother brush had not mentioned him. "Mr. Marvin's son?"

"No, she's Mother Marvin's girl. She's away to Plymouth to school. Stand here a minute till I back up the buckboard."

The buckboard is the only vehicle possible over these mountain roads. It is the *volante* of the Franconia range, and rides over everything from a boulder to a wind-slash. This particular example differed only in being a trifle more rickety and mud-bespattered than any I had seen; and the mare had evidently been foaled to draw it—a fur-coated, moth-eaten, wisp-tailed beast, tied to the shafts with clothes-lines and scraps of deerhide—a quadruped that only an earthquake could have shaken into nervousness. And yet Jim backed her into position as carefully as if she had felt her harness for the first time, handing me the reins until he strapped my belongings to the hind axle, calling "Whoa, Bess!" every time she rested a tired muscle. Then he lifted one long leg over the dashboard and took the seat beside me.

As we rattled along over the ruts and boulders of the rough wood road that lay between the railway and the wilderness, and the familiar smell of birch and pine greeted my nostrils, that old tingling thrill that shivers up and down my spine whenever I am beginning to be supremely happy took possession of me.

It was my first draught of a long holiday; my breathing spell; my time for loose neckties and flannel shirts and a kit slung over my shoulder crammed with brushes and color tubes; my time for loafing and inviting my soul. It felt inexpressibly delightful to be once more out in the open—out under the wide sweep of the sky; rid of the choke of narrow streets; exempt of bells, mails and telegrams, and free of him who knocks, enters and sits—and sits—and sits. And it was the season I loved best—the Indian summer of the year; when the air is spicy with the smoke of burning leaves and the mountains are lost in the haze; when the unshaven cornfields are dotted with yellow pumpkins and under low-branched trees the apples lie in heaps; when the leaves are aflame and the round sun shines pink through opalescent clouds.

"Ain't it a hummer o' a day?" Jim exclaimed suddenly, looking toward the valley swimming in a silver mist below us. "By Jiminy! it makes a man feel like livin', don't it?"

I turned to look at him. He, too, seemed to have caught the infection. His shoulders had straightened, his nostrils were dilated like a deer's that sniffs some distant scent; his face was aglow. I began to wonder if, with my usual luck, I had not found the companion I always looked for in my outings—that rare other fellow of the right kind, who responds to your slightest wish with all the enthusiasm and gusto of a boy, and so vagabondish in his tendencies that he is delighted to have you think for him and to follow your lead. I have had the good fortune to find these lovable tramps in many quarters of the globe—one I stumbled over asleep on the Riva—a ragged, lazy, devil-may-care sort of a *lazzagnone*, whose very laugh from between his snow-white teeth is among my dearest memories of Venice. Another sat beside me in the shade of one wall of the Alhambra, while his donkeys dozed in the sun. I still remember the curl of his mustachios, the red sash about his waist and the brown of his throat and chest, and can see him bowing in the sunlight with all the grace of a hidalgo.

These companions of mine have seldom worn knickerbockers from Bond Street or shooting togs from Piccadilly. They have oftener been barefooted, and one or two of them, if I remember aright, have lacked their coats. None of these poverties, however, made them any the less lovable and helpful. If this awkward son of the soil, with his gentle voice and soft, shrinking eyes, should turn out to be one of the right kind, and wanted to fraternize, I would be ready for him.

I had not long to wait. Before we had gone a mile into the forest Jim jerked the mare back upon her haunches and, pointing to a great hemlock standing sentinel over us, cried out with boyish enthusiasm:

"Take a look at him once. Ain't he a ring-tailed roarer? Seems to me a tree big as him must be awful proud just o' bein' a tree. Ain't nothin' 'round here kin see's fur as he kin, anyways." "My luck again," I thought to myself. I knew I could not be mistaken in the outward signs.

"You like trees, then?" I asked, watching the glow on his face.

"Like 'em! Well, wouldn't you if ye'd lived 'mong 'em long's I have? Trees don't never go back on ye, and that's what ye can't say o' everything." The analogy was obscure, but I attributed it to Jim's slender stock of phrases. "I've knowed that hemlock ever since I come here, and he's just the same to me as the fust day I see him. Ain't never no change in trees; once they're good to ye they're allus good to ye. Birds is different—so is cattle—but trees and dogs ye kin tie to. Don't the woods smell nice? Do ye catch on to them spruces dead ahead of us? Maybe ye can't smell 'em till ye git yer nose cleared out o' them city nosegays," he continued, with a kindly interest in his voice. "But ye will when ye've been here a spell. Folks that live in cities think there ain't nothin' smells sweet but flowers and cologne.

"They ain't never slep' on balsam boughs nor got a whiff o' a birchbark fire, nor tramped a bed o' ferns at night. There's a coot, fresh smell for ye! I tell ye there's a heap o' perfumes 'round ye can't buy at a flower store and cork up in a bottle. Well, I guess—Git up, Bess!" and he flopped the reins once more along the ridges and hollows of the mare's back while he encouraged her to renewed efforts with that peculiar clucking sound heeded only by certain beasts of burden.

At the end of the tenth mile he stopped the mare suddenly.

"Hold on," he cried excitedly, "there's that scraggy-tail. I missed him when I come down. See! there he is on that green log. I was feared he'd passed in his chips." I looked and saw a huge gray squirrel with a tail like a rabbit. "That's him. Durn mean on his tail, warn't it? And one paw gone, too. The dog catched him one day last year and left him tore up that way. I found him limping along when I was a-sugaring here in the spring and kinder fixed him up, and he's sorter on the lookout for me when I come along. He's got a hole 'round here somewheres."

Jim sprang out of the buckboard. Fumbling under the seat he brought out a bag of nuts. The squirrel took them from his hand, stuffing his mouth full, five at a time, limping away to hide them, and back again for more until the bag was empty; Jim, contented and unhurried, squatting on the ground, his long knees bent under him. The way in which he did this gave me infinite delight. No vagabond I had ever known ignored time and duty more complacently.

We drove on in silence, Jim taking in everything we passed. This shambling, slenderly educated and clay-soiled man was fast looming up as a find of incalculable value—the most valuable of my experience. I began to like him more and more. The most important thing, however, was still to be settled if a perfect harmony of interests was to be established between us—*would he like me?*

Marvin's cabin, in which I was to spend my holiday, lay on a clearing half a mile or more outside the woods and at the foot of a hill that helped prop up the Knob. The stage road ran to the left. The house was a small two-story affair built of logs and clapboards, and was joined to the outlying stable by a covered passage which was lined with winter firewood. Marvin, who met us at the pasture gate, carried a lantern, the glow of the twilight having faded from the mountain tops. He was a small, thick-set man, smooth-shaven as far as the underside of his chin and jaws, with a whisk-broom beard spread over his shirt front and half of his waistcoat. His forehead was low, and his eyes set close together—sure sign of a close-fisted nature.

To my great surprise his first words, after a limp handshake and a perfunctory "pleased to see you," were devoted to an outbreak on Jim for having been so long on the road. "Been waitin' here an hour," he said. "What in tarnation kep' ye, anyway? Them cows ain't milked yit!"

"Don't worry. I won't go back on them cows," replied Jim quietly, as he drove through the gateway, following Marvin, who walked ahead swinging the lantern to show the mare the road.

Mrs. Marvin's manner was as abrupt as that of her husband's.

"Well, well!" she said as I stepped upon the porch, "guess you must be beat out comin' so fur. Come in and set by the stove," and she resumed her work in the pantry without another word.

I was not offended at her curtness. These denizens of the forest pass too many hours alone and speak too seldom to understand the value of politeness for politeness' sake. The wife, moreover, redeemed herself the next morning when I found her on the back porch feeding the birds.

"Snow ain't fur off," she remarked, in explanation, as she scattered the crumbs about, "and I want 'em to larn early where they kin find something to eat. Ruby'd never forgive me if I didn't feed the birds. She loves 'em 'bout as much as Jim does."

Neither she nor her husband became any more cordial as they knew me better. To them I was only the boarder whose weekly stipend helped to decrease the farm debt, and who had to be fed three times a day and given a bed at night. It was Jim who made me feel at home. He was the fellow I had longed for; the round peg of a chance acquaintance that exactly fitted into the round hole of my holiday life, and he fulfilled my every expectation. He would fish or hunt or carry a sketch trap or wash brushes, or loaf, or go to sleep beside me—or get up at daylight—whatever the one half of me wanted to do, Jim, the other half, agreed to with instant cheerfulness.

And yet, in spite of this constant companionship, I never crossed a certain line of reserve which he had set up between us. He would ramble on by the hour about the things around us; about the trees, the birds and squirrels; of the way the muskrats lived by the sawmill dam, and their cleverness in avoiding his traps; about the deer that "yarded" back to Taft's Knob last winter, and their leanness in the spring. Sometimes he would speak of Mother Marvin, saying she "thought a heap of Ruby, and ought to," and now and then he would speak of Ruby with a certain tender tone in his voice, telling me of the prizes she had won at school, and how nobody could touch her in "'rithmetic and readin'." But, to my surprise, he never discussed any of his private affairs with me. I say "surprise," for until I met Jim I had found that men of his class talked of little else, especially when over campfires smouldering far into the night.

This reticence also extended to Marvin's affairs. The relations between them, I saw, were greatly strained, although Jim always discharged his duties conscientiously, never failing to render a strict account of the time he spent with me, which Marvin always itemized in the weekly bill. I used often to wonder if he were not under some obligation to his employer which he could not requite; it might be for food and shelter in his earlier days, or perhaps that he was weighted by a money debt he was unable to pay.

One morning, after a particularly ugly outbreak in which Jim had been denounced for some supposed neglect of his duties, I asked him, then lying beside me, his head cupped upon his saucer of a slouch hat, why he stayed on with a man like Marvin, so different from himself in every way. I had often wondered why Jim stood it, and wished that he had the spirit to try his fortunes elsewhere. In my sympathy for him I had even gone so far as to hint once or twice at my finding him other employment. Indeed, I must confess that the only cloud between us dimming my confidence in him was this very lack of independence.

"Well, I got to git along with him for a spell yit," Jim answered slowly, his eyes turned up to the sky. "He *is* ornery, and no mistake, and I git mad at him sometimes; but then ag'in I feel kinder sorry for him somehow. He's a queer kind, ain't he, to be livin' up here all his life with trees and mountains all 'round him, all doin' their best to please him—and I don't know nothin' friendlier nor honester—and yet him bein' what he is? I'd 'a' thought they'd thawed him out 'fore this. And he's so dog-goned close, too, if I must say it. Why, if it warn't for Mother Marvin some o' us 'round here"—and he stopped and lowered his voice—"would be out in the cold; some ye wouldn't suspect, too."

This apparently studied reticence only incited my curiosity to learn something more of the man for whom I had begun to have a real affection. I wanted particularly to know something of his life before he came to Marvins'!—twelve years now. I could not, of course, ask Marvin or his wife for any details—my intimacy with Jim forbade such an invasion of his privacy—and I met no one else in the forest. I saw plainly that he was not a mountaineer by birth. Not only did his dialect differ from those about him, but his habits were not those of a woodsman. For instance, he would always carry his matches loose in his pocket, instead of in a dry box; then, again, he would wear his trousers rolled up like a fireman's, as if to keep out the wet, instead of tucking them into his boots to tramp the woods the better. Now and then, too, he would let fall some word or expression which would betray greater familiarity with the ins and outs of the city than with the intricacies of the forest.

"It was fixed up in a glass case like one Abe Condit used to have in his place in the Bowery," he said once in describing a prize trout some city fisherman had stuffed and framed. But when I asked him, with some surprise, if he knew the Bowery, he looked at me quickly, with the slightest trace of offended dignity in his eyes, as if I had meant to overstep the line between us, and answered quickly:

"I knowed Abe Condit," and immediately changed the conversation.

And yet I must admit that there was nothing in the way he answered this and all my other questions that weakened

my confidence in his sincerity. If there were any blackened pages in his past record that he did not want to lay bare even to me, they were discolored, I felt sure, more by privations and suffering than by any stains he was ashamed of.

II

ONE morning at daybreak I was awakened by Jim swinging back my door. He had on his heavy overcoat and carried a lantern. His slouch hat was flattened on the back of his head; the rim flared out, framing his face, which was wreathed in smiles. He seemed to be under some peculiar excitement, for his breath came thick and fast.

"Sorry to wake ye, but I'm goin' to Plymouth," and he lowered his head and stepped inside my room. "Ruby's comin'. Feller brought me a letter she'd sent on by the stage. The driver left it at the sawmill. I'd 'a' told ye las' night, but ye'd turned in."

"When will you be back?" I called out from between the bedclothes. We had planned a trip to the Knob the next day, and were to camp out for the night. He evidently saw my disappointment in my face, for he answered quickly as he bent over me:

"Oh, to-night, sure; and maybe Ruby'll go along. There ain't nothin' ye kin teach her 'bout campin', and she'll go anywheres I'll take her—leastways, she allus has." This last was said with some hesitation, as if he had suddenly thought that my presence might make some difference to her. "Leave yer brushes where I kin git 'em," he continued, anxious to make up for my disappointment. "I'll wash 'em when I git back," and he clattered down the steep stairs and slammed the door behind him.

I jumped from my bed, threw up the narrow, unpainted sash and watched his tall, awkward figure swinging the lantern as he hurried away toward the shed where the gray mare lived in solitude. Then I crept back to bed again to plan my day anew.

When I joined Marvin at breakfast I found him in one of his ugliest moods, with all his bristles out; not turned toward me, nor even toward his wife, but toward the world in general. Strange to say, he made no allusion to his daughter's return nor to Jim's absence.

Suddenly his wife blurted out, as if she could restrain her joy no longer:

"You ain't never seen Ruby. She's comin' to-night. Jim's gone for her. The head teacher's sick and some o' the girls has got a holiday."

"Yes," I answered quietly; "Jim told me."

"Oh, he did!" And she put down her cup and leaned across the table. "Well, I'm awful glad she's comin', just so ye kin see her. Ye won't never forgit her when ye do. She's got six months more, then she's comin' home for a spell until she goes teachin'," and a look of exultant pride and joy of which I had never believed her capable came into her eyes.

Marvin turned his head and in a half angry way said:

"It's 'bout time. Little good ye've had o' her for the last four years with yer fool notions 'bout eddication." And he put on his hat and went out.

"How old is your daughter?" I asked, more to soften the effect of Marvin's brutal remark than anything else.

"She's seventeen, I guess, but she's big for her age."

The announcement came as a surprise. I had supposed from the way Jim had always spoken of her that she was a child of twelve. The possibilities of her camping out became all the more remote.

"And has she been away from you long this time?"

"'Bout four months. I didn't 'spect her to come till Christmas, till she wrote Jim to come for her. He allus fetches her. They'll be 'long 'bout dark."

I instantly determined to extend the heartiest of welcomes to this little daughter, not alone because of the mother and Jim, but because the home-coming of a young girl had always appealed to me as one of the most satisfying of all family events. My memory instinctively went back to the return of my own little bird, and of the many marvelous preparations begun weeks before in honor of the event. I saw again in my mind the wondrous curtains, stiff and starched, hung at the windows and about the high posts of the quaint bedstead that had sheltered her from childhood; I remembered the special bakings and brewings and the innumerable bundles, big and little, that were tucked away under secretive sofas and the thousand other surprises that hung upon her coming. This little wood pigeon should have my best attention, however simple and plain might be her plumage.

Moreover, I was more than curious to see what particular kind of a fledgling could be born to these two parent birds—one so hard and unsympathetic and the other so kind and simple. Jim, I remembered, had always spoken enthusiastically of Ruby, but then Jim always spilled over the edges whenever he spoke of the things he loved, whether they were dogs, trees, flowers or brilliant young maidens.

At nine o'clock that night my ear caught the sound of wheels; then came Jim's "Whoa! Bess," and the mother threw wide the door and caught her daughter in her arms.

"Oh, mother!" the girl cried, "wasn't it good I could come?" and she kissed her again. Then she turned to me—I had followed out in the starlight—"Uncle Jim sent me word you were here, and I was so glad. I've always wanted to see somebody paint, and Uncle Jim says he's sure you will let me go sketching with you. I wasn't coming home with the other girls until I got his letter and knew that you were here."

She said this frankly and simply, without the slightest embarrassment, and without a trace of any dialect in her speech. Jim evidently had not exaggerated her attainments. She had, too, unconsciously to herself, solved one of the mysteries that surrounded me. If Jim was her uncle it must be on her mother's side; it certainly could not be on Marvin's.

"And I'm glad, too," I replied. "Of course you shall go, and Jim tells me also that you are as good a woodsman as he is. And so Jim's your uncle, is he? He never told me that."

"Oh, no," she answered quickly, with a little deprecatory air. "He isn't my *real* uncle. He's just Jim, but I've always called him Uncle Jim ever since I was a little girl. And I love him dearly; don't I, Uncle Jim?" and she turned toward him as he entered the door carrying her bundle, followed by her father with the kerosene lamp, Marvin having brought it out to help Jim unload the buckboard.

"That's what ye allus says, baby-girl," answered Jim, "so I got to believe it. And if I didn't, there wouldn't be no use o' livin'—not a mite." There was a vibrating tenderness in the man's voice, and an indescribable pathos in its tone, as he spoke, that caused me instinctively to turn my head and look into his face.

The light shone full upon it—so full and direct that there were no shadows anywhere. Whether it was because of the lamp's direct rays or because of his long ride in the crisp November air, I could not decide, but certain it was that Jim's face was without a wrinkle, and that he looked twenty years younger. Even the hard, drawn lines about his mouth and nose had disappeared.

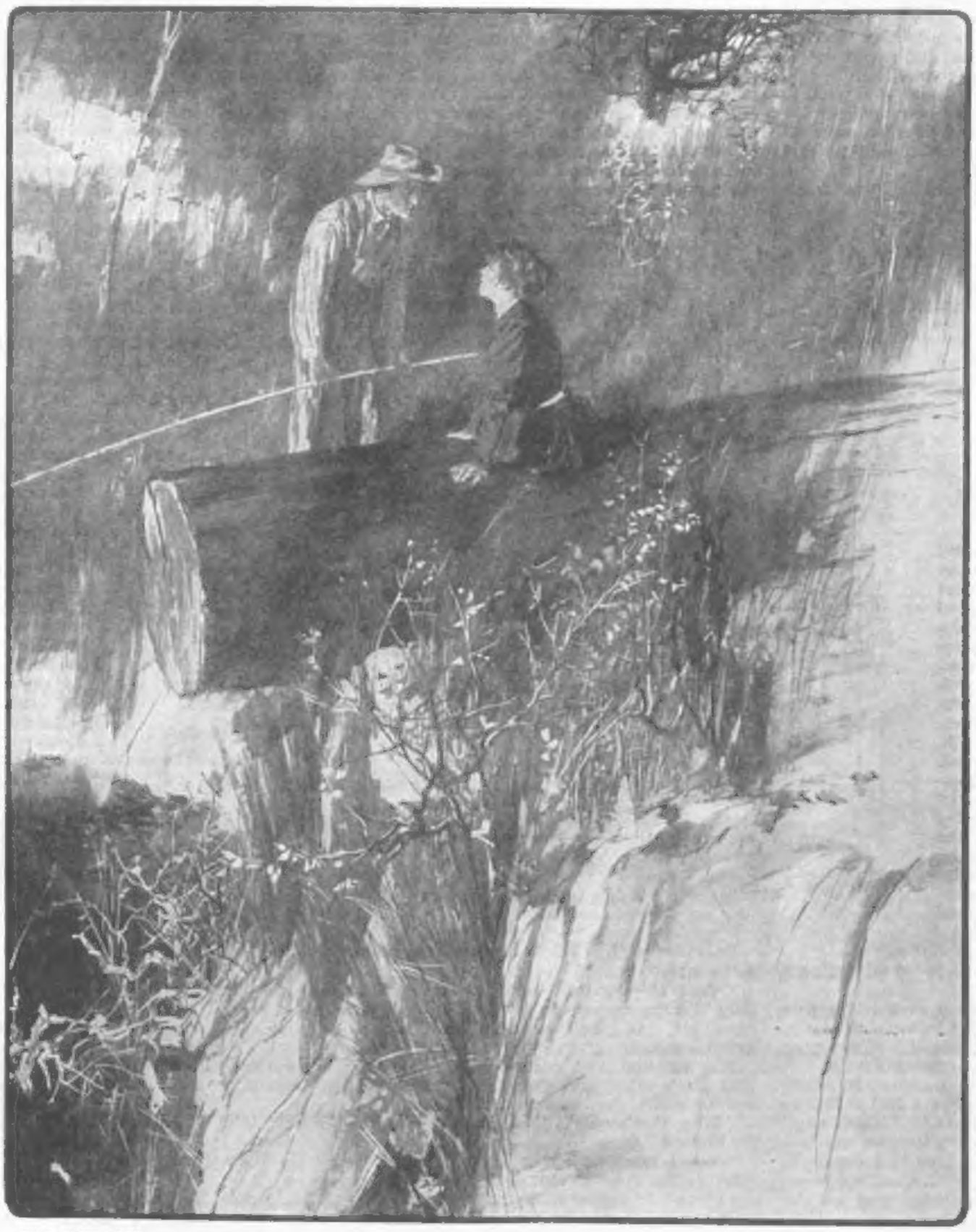
With the light of the lamp came another revelation. While the girl's cheap woolen dress and jacket, of a pattern sold in the country stores, showed her to be the product of Marvin's home and the recipient of his scanty bounty, her trim, well-rounded figure, soft, glossy hair—now that her hat was off—and small hands and feet, classed her as one of far gentler birth. There was, too, as she passed in and out of the room helping her mother with the supper-table, a certain grace and dignity, especially in the way in which she bent her head on one side to listen, a gesture often seen in a drawing-room, but never, in my experience, in a cabin. What astonished me most, however, were her hands—her exquisitely modeled hands, still ruddy from the fresh night air, but so wonderfully curved and dimpled. And then, too, the perfect graciousness and simplicity of her manner and its absolute freedom from coquetry or self-consciousness. Her mother was right—I would not soon forget her. And yet, by what freak of Nature, I found myself continually repeating, had this flower been made to bloom on this soil? Through what ancestor's veins had this blood trickled, and through what channels had it reached these humble occupants of a forest home?

But if her mother was the happier for her coming, Jim, radiant with joy, seemed to walk on air. His head was up, his arms were swinging free, and there was a lightness and spring in his movements that made me forget the grotesqueness of his gait. Nor, as the days went by, did this buoyant happiness ever fail him. He and Ruby were inseparable from the time she opened the rude door of her bedroom in the morning until she bade us all good-night and carried with her all the light and charm and joyousness of the day. The camping-out, I may as well state, had been given up as soon as I had mentioned it, she saying to me with a little start, as if frightened at the proposition, that she thought she'd better stay home and help her mother. Then, seeing Jim's face fall, she added, "But we can be off all day, can't we?"

And Jim answered that it was all right, just as Ruby said—that we would go fishing instead, and that he had spotted an old trout that lived in a hole down the East Branch that he'd been saving for her, and that he had tied the day before the "very fly that will fix him"—all of which was true, for Ruby landed him the next day with all the skill of a professional, besides a dozen smaller ones whose haunts Jim knew.

And so the weeks flew by, Ruby tramping the forest daily between us or sitting beside me as I painted, noting every stroke of my brush and asking me innumerable questions as to the choice of colors and the mixing of the tints. At other times she would ply me with questions, making me tell her of the things I had seen abroad and of the cities and peoples she had read of; or she would talk of the books she had studied, and of others she wanted to read. Jim would listen eagerly, with a certain pride in his eyes that she knew so much and could talk so well, and when we were alone he would comment on it:

"Nearly catched ye, didn't she? I see once or twice ye were stumped clean out o' yer boots on them questions she fired. How her little head holds it all is what bothers me.



DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

"I AIN'T GOT NOBODY BUT YOU, RUBY—DON'T GO 'WAY FROM ME, CHILD"

But I allus knowed how it would be; I told the old man so ten year ago. Ain't one o' 'em 'round here kin touch her."

At night, under the kerosene lamp in the cabin, she would ask me to read aloud, she looking up into my face and drinking in every word, the others listening, Jim watching every expression that crossed her face.

Dear old Jim! I can still see your tender, shrinking eyes peering at her from under your bushy eyebrows and still hear the low ripple of your merry laugh over her volleys of questions. You were so proud of her and so happy in those days! So tender in touch, so gentle of voice, so constant in care! My heart still aches for you when my memory goes back to the bitter hours which followed.

One morning I had some letters to write, and Ruby and Jim took the rods and went up the brook without me. They both begged me to go, Ruby being particularly urgent, I thought, but I had already delayed the mail too long and so refused point-blank—too abruptly, perhaps, as I thought afterward, when I remembered the keen look of disappointment in her face. When she reëntered the cabin alone an hour later she passed me hurriedly, and calling out to her father that Jim was wanted at the sawmill to fix the wheel and would not be back until morning, shut herself into her room before I could offer myself in Jim's place—which I would gladly have done, now that her morning's pleasure had been spoiled.

When she joined us at supper—she had kept her room all day—I saw that her eyes were red, as if she had been crying. I knew then that I had offended her.

"Ruby, I really couldn't go," I said. "You don't feel cross about it, do you?"

"Oh, no," she answered with some earnestness. "And I knew you were busy."

"And about Jim—what's the matter with the wheel?" I asked, greatly relieved at the discovery that whatever troubled her, my staying at home had not caused it.

"One of the buckets is broken—Uncle Jim always fixes it," and she turned her head away to hide her tears.

"Is Jim a carpenter, too?" I asked with a smile.

"Why, yes," she replied. "Didn't you know that? They often send for him to fix the mill. There's no one else about here who can." And she changed the conversation and began talking of the beauty of that part of the brook where they had been to fish, and of the rich brown tint of the water in the pools, and how the lovely red sumacs reflected in their depths enriched their color.

The next morning, and without any previous warning, Ruby appeared in her cloth dress and jacket and announced her intention of taking the stage back to Plymouth, adding that as Jim had not returned, Marvin must drive her over to the cross-roads. I offered my services, but she declined them graciously but firmly, bidding me good-by and saying with one of her earnest looks, as she held my hand in hers, that she should never forget my kindness to Jim, and that she would always remember me for what I had done for him, and then she added with peculiar tenderness:

"And dear Uncle Jim won't forget you, either."

And so she had gone, and with her had faded all the light and joyousness of the place.

When Jim returned the next day I was at work in the pasture painting a group of white birches. I hallooed to him as he shambled along within a hundred yards of me, swinging his arms, but he did not answer except to turn his head.

That night at table he replied to my questions in monosyllables, explaining his not stopping when I had called in the morning by saying that he didn't want to "'sturb me," and when I laughed and told him—using his own words—that Ruby "wouldn't pass a fellow and give him the dead, cold shake," he pushed back his chair with a sudden impatient gesture, said he had forgotten something, and left the table without a word or look in reply.

I knew then that I had hurt him in some way.

"What's the matter with Jim, Mr. Marvin? He seems put out about something. Did he say anything to you?" I asked, astonished at Jim's behavior, and anxious for some clue by which to solve its mystery.

"Got one o' his spells on. Gits that way sometimes, and when he does ye can't git no good out o' him. I want them turnips dug, and he's got to do it or git out. I ain't hired him to loaf 'round all day with Ruby and to sulk when she's gone. I'm a-payin' him wages right along, ain't I?" he added with some fierceness as he stopped at the door. "What he gits for fixin' the mill ain't nothin' to me—I don't git a cent on it." I did not reply. I knew that these days, too, I should find itemized on my weekly bill.

III

WHEN the morning came and Jim had not returned I started for the mill. I found him alone, sitting idly on a bench near the water-wheel. I had heard the hum of the saw before I reached the dam and knew that he had finished his work.

"Jim," I said, walking up to him and extending my hand, "if I have done anything to hurt your feelings I'm awfully sorry. If I had known you would have been put out by my not going with Ruby I would have let the mail wait."

He took my hand mechanically, but he did not raise his eyes. The old look had returned to his face, as if he were afraid of some sudden blow. "I did all I could to make Ruby's visit a happy one—don't you know I did?" I continued.

He leaned forward, his elbows resting on his knees, his eyes still on the ground. There was something infinitely pathetic in the attitude.

"Ye ain't done nothin' to me," he answered slowly, "and ye ain't done nothin' to Ruby. I cottoned to ye fust time I see ye, and so did Ruby, and we still do. It ain't that."

"Well, what is it, then? Why have you kept away from me?"

He arose wearily until his whole length was erect, hooked his long arms behind his back and began walking up and down the platform. He was no longer my comrade of the woods. The spring and buoyancy of his step had gone out of him. He seemed shriveled and bent, as if some sudden weakness had overcome him. His face was white and drawn, and the eyelids drooped, as if he had not slept.

At the second turn he stopped, gazed abstractedly at the boards under his feet, as a man sometimes does when his mind is on other things. Mechanically he stooped to pick up a small iron nut that had slipped from one of the bolts used in repairing the wheel, and in the same abstracted way, still ignoring me, raised it to his eye, looked through the hole for a moment and then tossed it into the dam. The splash of the iron striking the water frightened a bird, which arose in the air, sang a clear, sweet note, and disappeared in the bushes on the opposite bank. Jim started, turned his head quickly, following the flight of the bird, and sank slowly back upon the bench, his face in his hands.

"There it is again," he cried out. "Every way I turn it's the same thing. I can't even chuck nothin' overboard but I hear it."

DRAWN BY HENRY HOTT

—I found him in one of his vilest moods

"Hear what?" The keen anguish expressed in his voice had alarmed me.

"That song-sparrow—did ye hear it? I tell ye this thing'll drive me crazy. I tell ye I can't stand it—I can't stand it." And he turned his head and covered his face with his sleeve.

The outburst and gesture only intensified my anxiety. Was Jim's mind giving away? I arose from my seat and bent over him, my hand on his arm.

"Why, that's only a bird, Jim—I saw it—it's gone into the bushes."

"Yes, I know it; I seen it; that's what hurts me; that's what's allus goin' to hurt me. And 'tain't only goin' to be the birds. It's goin' to be the trees and the gray-backs and the trout we catched, and everywhere I look and every place I go to it's goin' to be the same thing. And it ain't never goin' to be no better—never—never—long as I live. She said so. Them was her very words. I ain't never goin' to forgit 'em." And he leaned his head in a baffled, tired way against the planking of the mill.

"Who said so, Jim?" I asked.

Jim raised his head, looked me straight in the face and, with the tears starting in his eyes, answered in a low voice:

"Ruby. She loves 'em—loves every one o' 'em. Oh, what's goin' to become o' me now, anyhow?"

"Well, but I don't——" The revelation came to me before I could complete the sentence. Jim's face had told the story of his heart!

"Jim," I said, laying my hand on his shoulder, "do you love Ruby?"

"Sit down here," he said in a hopeless, despondent voice, "and mebbe I'll git grit enough to tell ye. I ain't never told none o' the folks that comes up here o' how things was, but I'm goin' to tell you. And I'm goin' to tell it to ye plumb from the beginnin', too." And a sigh like the moan of one in pain escaped him.

"Twelve years ago I come here from New York. I'd been cleaned out o' everything I had by a man I trusted, and I was flat broke. I didn't care where I went, so's I got away from the city and from people. I wanted to git somewheres out into the country, and so I got aboard the train and kep' on till I'd struck Plymouth. There my money gin out and I started up the road into the mountains. I thought I'd hire out to some choppers for the winter. When night come I see a light and knocked at the door and Jed opened it. He warn't goin' to keep me, but he was a-buildin' the shed where the old mare is now, and he found out I was handy with the tools and didn't want no wages, only my board, so he let me stay. The next spring he hired me regular and give me wages every month. I kep' along, choppin' in the winter and helpin' 'round the place, and in summer goin' out with the parties that come up from the city, helpin' 'em fish and hunt. I liked that, for I loved the woods ever since I was a boy, when I used to go off by myself and stay days and nights with nothin' but a tin can o' grub and a blanket. That's why I come here when I went broke.

"One summer there come a feller from Boston to fish. He brought his wife along, and I used to go out with both o' 'em. The man's wife was puttin' up for some o' them children's homes, and she used to talk to Marm Marvin about takin' one o' the children and what a comfort it would be to the child to git out into the fresh air, and one mornin' 'fore she left she took Jed down in the woods and talked to him, and the week after she left for home Marm Marvin sent me over to the station—same place I fetched ye—and out she got with a tag sewed on her jacket and her name on it, and a bundle o' clothes no bigger'n yer head. She was 'bout seven or eight years old, and the cunnin'est young un ye ever see. Jus' the same eyes she's got now, only they looked bigger, 'cause her cheeks was caved in."

"Not Ruby, Jim!" I cried in astonishment.

"Yes, Ruby. That's what was on the tag."

"And she isn't Marvin's child?"

"No more'n she's yourn, nor mine. She ain't nobody's child that anybody knows about. She's jus' Ruby, and that's all there is to her.

"Well, by the time I'd got her out to the farm and had heared her talk and seen her clap her hands at the chippies, and laugh at the birds, and go half wild over every little thing she'd see, I knowed I'd got hold o' something that filled up every crack o' my heart. And she didn't come a day too soon, for Jed had got so ugly there warn't no livin' with him, and I'd made up my mind to quit, and I would if he hadn't took a streak ag'in Ruby at the start. Then I knowed where my trail led. And arter that I never let her out o' my sight. Marm Marvin was different. She never had no child o' her own, and she warmed up to Ruby more'n more every day, and she loves her now much as she kin love anything.

"That fust winter we had a good deal o' snow and I made a pair o' leggins for her out o' a deer's skin I'd killed, and rigged up a sled, and I'd haul her after me wherever I went, and when school opened down to the cross-roads I'd haul her down and bring her back if the snow warn't too deep, and when summer come she'd go 'long jus' the same. I taught her to fish and shoot, and often she'd stay out in camp with me all night when I was tendin' the sugar maples—she sleepin' on the balsams with my coat throwed over her.

"Things went on this way till 'bout three years ago, when I see she warn't gittin' ahead fast as she could, and I went for the old man to send her to school down to Plymouth. Marm Marvin was willin', but Jed held out, and at last he give in after my talkin' to him. So I hooked up the buckboard and drove her down to Plymouth and left her, with her arms 'round my neck and the tears streamin' down her face. But she was game all the same, only she hated to have me leave her.

"Every July and Christmas I'd go for her, and she'd allus be waitin' for me at the head o' the stairs or would come runnin' down with her arms wide open, and she'd kiss me and hug me and call me dear Uncle Jim, and tell me how she loved me, and how there warn't nothin' in the world she loved so much; and then when she'd git home we'd tramp the woods together every chance we got."

Jim stopped and bent forward, his face in his hands, his elbows on his knees. For a time he was silent; then he went on:

"This last time when I went for her she pretty nigh took my breath away. She seemed just as glad to see me, but she didn't git into my arms as she useter, and she looked different, too. She had growed every way bigger, and wider, and older. I kep' a-lookin' at her, tryin' to find the little girl I'd left some months afore, but she warn't there. She acted different, too—more quiet like and still, so that I was feared to touch her like I useter, and took it out in talkin' to her and listenin' to all she told me o' what she was larnin', and how this winter she was goin' to git through and git her certificate, and then she was goin' to teach and help her mother—she allus called Marm Marvin mother. Then she told me o' how one o' the teachers—a young fellow from a college—was goin' to set up a school o' his own and goin' to git some o' the graduates to help teach when he got started, and how he had asked her to be one o' 'em, and how she was goin' with him.

"Since you been here and us three been together and I begun to see how happy she was a-talkin' to you and askin' you questions, I got worse'n ever over her. I begun to see that I warn't what I had been to her. When we was trampin' and fishin' it was all right and she'd talk to me 'bout the ways o' the birds and what flowers come up fust and all that, but when it got to geography and history I warn't in it with her, and you was. That sickened me more'n ever. Pretty soon I began to feel as if everything I had in life war slippin' away from me. I didn't want her to shut me out from anything she had. I wanted to have half, same's we allus had—half for me and half for her. Why, lately, when I lay awake nights a-thinkin' it over, I've wished sometimes

that she hadn't growed up at all, and that she'd allus be my baby-girl and I her Uncle Jim.

"Yesterday mornin'——" Jim's voice broke, and he cleared his throat. "Yesterday mornin' we went down the branch, as ye know, and she was a-settin' on a log throwin' her fly into the pool, when one o' them song sparrows lit on a bush and looked at her, and begin to sing like he'd bust his little chest, and she sung back at him with her eyes a-laughin' and her hair a-flyin', and I stood lookin' at her and my heart choked up in my throat, and I leaned over and took the rod out o' her hand.

"'Baby-girl,' I says, 'there ain't a bird 'round here that ain't got a mate, and that's what makes 'em so happy. I ain't got nobody but you, Ruby—don't go 'way from me, child—stay with me.' And I told her. She looked at me startled like, same as a deer does when he hears a dog bark; then she jumped up and begin to cry.

"'Oh, Jim—Jim—dear Jim!' she says. 'I love you so, and you've been so good to me all my life, but don't—don't never say that to me again. That can never be—not so long as we live.' And she dropped down on the ground and cried till she couldn't git her breath. Then she got up and kissed my hands and went home, leavin' me there alone feelin' like I'd fell off a scaffoldin' and struck the sidewalk."

Jim arose from his seat and began pacing the platform again. I had not spoken a word through his long story.

"Jim," I began, "how old are you?"

"Forty-two," he said in a patient, listless way.

"More than twice as old as Ruby, aren't you? Old enough, really, to be her father. You love her, don't you—love her for herself—not yourself? You wouldn't let anything hurt her if you could help it. You were right when you said every bird has its mate. That's true, Jim, and the way it ought to be—but they mate with *this* year's birds, not *last* year's. When men get as old as you and I we forget these things sometimes, but they are true all the same."

"I know it," he broke out, "I know it; you can't tell me nothin' about it. I thought it all over more'n a hundred times lately. I could bite my tongue off for sayin' what I did to her, and spilin' her visit, but it's done now and I can't help it, and I've got to stay here and bear it."

"No, Jim, don't stay here. So long as she sees you around here she'll be unhappy, and you will be equally miserable. Go away from here; find work somewhere else."

"When?" he said quietly.

"Now; right away; before she comes back at Christmas."

"No, I can't do it, and I won't. Not till she graduates and gits her certificate. That'll be next June."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Got a good deal to do with it. If I should leave now jes's winter's comin' on I mightn't git another job, and she'd have to come home and her eddication be sp'ilt."

"What would bring her home?" I asked in surprise.

"What would bring her home?" he repeated with some irritation. "Why they'd send her if the bills warn't paid—that's what. Marm Marvin couldn't help her, and Jed wouldn't give her a cent. Them school bills, you know, I've always paid out o' my wages—that's why Jed let her go. No; I'll stick it out here till she finishes, if it kills me. Baby-girl shan't miss nothin' through me."

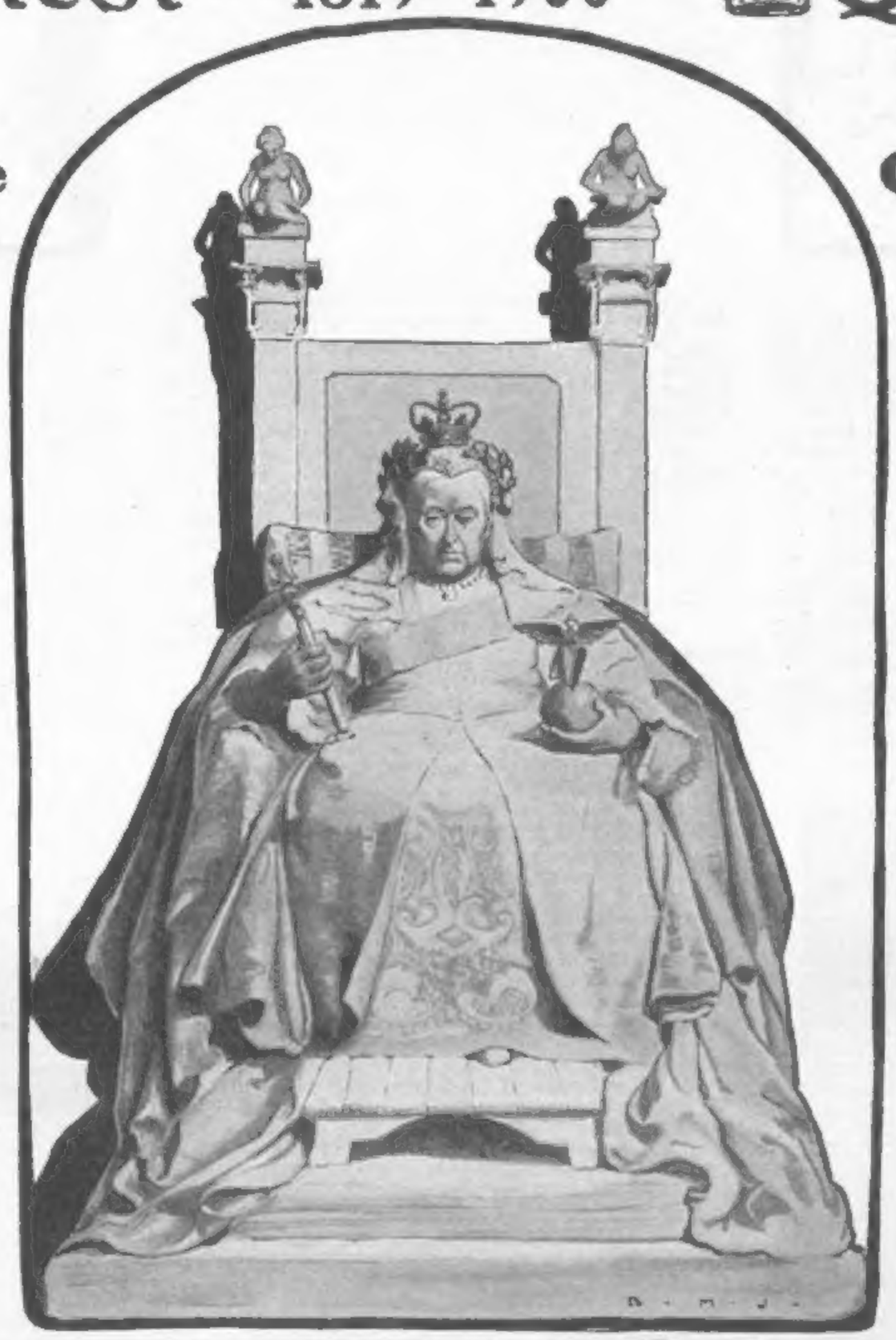
One beautiful spring day I swung back the gate of a garden on the outskirts of the village of Plymouth and walked up a flower-bordered path to a cottage porch smothered in vines.

Ruby was standing in the door, her hands held out to me. I had not seen her for years. Her husband had not returned yet from their school, but she expected him every minute.

"And dear old Jim?" I asked. "What has become of him?" "Look," she said, pointing to a shambling, awkward figure stooping under the apple trees, which were in full bloom. "There he is, picking blossoms with little Ruby. He never leaves her for a minute."

The Greatest —1819–1900— Queen in the World

By Marie Corelli



AFTER THE STATUE BY GEORGE FRAMPTON, R. A.

SHOW me, then, whether there be more to come than is past, or more past than is to come!"

Such was the prayer of the prophet Esdras, in Babylon, to the Angel who was sent from Heaven to instruct him. We, in our generation, may ask the same question to-day of the Recording Angel of the world's history, who stands forever among us, mute but observant: "Show us whether there be more to come than is past, or more past than is to come!"

For it is difficult to grasp the idea of any more perfect monarch's reign than that of our beloved Queen and Empress; it is well-nigh impossible to imagine a more magnificent Empire than the one over which she holds her dominion. All the great kingdoms of ancient days fade into insignificance beside the grandeur, the progress, the steadfast making for Truth, Justice and Freedom which preeminently distinguish the British rule; and the power, the brute force, the barbaric ostentation of conquest and egotism of the Roman Cæsars vanish like a mist of the marshes when confronted and compared with the one clear light of unsullied goodness in the heart of the "Mother of Nations"—the simple woman who, by pure love and faith, has done more than countless legions of fighting men could ever do for the glory of the country, and has fulfilled a far higher destiny and won a far greater fame than any conqueror who ever ruled by fear. Victories are hers by sea and land; victories not only over territories and peoples, but over barbarous systems of slavery, superstition and prejudice; victories of enlightenment and civilization; victories in science, in discovery, in learning, in education and national advancement—these cluster around her throne and adorn it more brilliantly than priceless jewels can adorn her imperial crown.

But her influence is of that deep and gentle and convincing nature which is felt more than seen, and it extends, not only through her own "Happy Isles," but away out to the younger children of her love, those far-off and faithful Colonies, springing up in their youthful and splendid vigor to take active part in the grand work of supporting and maintaining at their highest culmination the dignity and honor of Great Britain. It is an influence which appeals to the best instincts of all men and all women, the home-influence, the mother-love. In all history we can find no king or queen of England who has been so much and so truly the head of the national home as Queen Victoria. She is truly the Greatest Queen in the World.

It is a curious fact that there are very few civilized countries where woman's work is made such a butt for men's contemptuous ridicule as in England. The Englishman is ever quick to sneer at woman's advancement in art, in literature, in scholarship and general intellectual ability, yet all the while 'tis a woman who rules him, and to a woman alone he is compelled to bend the knee! Off goes his hat at sight of the Queen! cheers break from his throat at the proclaimed words, "the Queen!" "knights and earls, and knaves and churls" bow their heads to "the Queen!" And with all peoples and in all countries there seems to be only one Queen to whom the article "the" can be applied without further modification. Other Queens are qualified in their estate by the land over which they rule—as, for example, Queen of Italy, Queen of Greece, Empress of Germany, Empress of Russia; but when "the Queen" is said every one means England's Victoria. Of all queens the greatest, she is of all women the simplest, and herein gives matchless example to her sex. Above the splendors of her position and enthronement, she is preëminently woman in the sweetest and most womanly sense of the word—one who is gifted with quick, fine sympathies, and who has the supreme and exquisite tact which is, or should be, inherent in every true and unselfish feminine nature, combined with perfect self-command, flawless purity and a strong, personal potency for good. Throned and crowned and sceptred in the fierce light of the whole world's constant observation, she yet remains as unaffected and sincere of soul as the most unsophisticated of her subjects and is in very truth one with them in the ordinary round of their daily existence.

Are we bereaved of our best-beloved? So is the Queen. Have we suffered from evil-speaking and misjudgment? So has the Queen. And in our joys is she not equally one with us there? Do we find rest and pleasure in the natural beauty of the world, the perfume and color of flowers, the songs of birds? So does the Queen. Do we understand the winsome ways of little children and take delight in making them happy? So does the Queen.

In all quiet, natural and innocent pleasures the Queen is one with her subjects; it is only in social vice and folly that she takes no part.

Perhaps there was never a time more convincingly marked by the Queen's mother-love for her people than now, while the war in South Africa is still claiming the lives of many whom England can ill afford to lose. Her grief for the brave fellows who have fallen, her sympathy and care for the bereaved ones left to face their desolate lives alone, her interest in every detail of the campaign,

her anxiety for every scrap of news from the front, her simple, womanly regret for the whole deadly quarrel, all this shows what a true and tender friend Englishmen have in their beloved Monarch. And when one remembers her great age, which she bears so cheerily and courageously, giving herself up without hesitation to whatever duties of state call her forth into public evidence, one's reverence is mingled with wonder and admiration that she can and will do so much to still more endear herself to all hearts. The soldiers might all be the sons of her blood from the tenderness she expresses concerning them. They are "My poor soldiers!" with her; they are not mere food for powder and shot as they have often been considered by former Sovereigns of England. "My poor soldiers!" Their wounds, their losses, their pains, their troubles are hers, too; she feels them with an acute sympathy, and her kind heart aches for Tommy's weariness, fevers, excitements and general irritation when he is "sent home invalided" and craves to go out again. There is in her gentle, noble nature none of the indifference to his fate suggested in the verse:

"What did you get to eat and drink,
Johnnie, Johnnie?"
"Standing water as thick as ink,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, alus!
A bit o' beef that were three year stored,
A bit o' mutton as tough as a board,
And a fowl we killed with a sergeant's sword,
When the widow give the party."

This is scarcely the right spirit to foster between the sovereign and her fighting men. When the warriors of old time shaped England's greatness and laid down the lines of glory and honor for future generations to follow, they did not count up personal troubles or hardships, they never complained of long marches or scant fare, nor, let it be well remembered, have they ever complained at all of any of their sufferings—not now, or at any time. They have never "begged" the nation's charity—not now, or at any time. Two or three newspapers in want of "copy" may complain and beg *for* them, but they themselves have nothing to say but one thing—Duty! They have never called *themselves* "beggars." If they once began to take this low estimate of their profession, the prestige of the army would soon be at an end. If they started grumbling at "barbarious wars," or at their rations "when the widow give the party," there would soon be seething rebellion, where there is now loyalty, devotion and heroic indifference to merely physical inconvenience. But they know themselves and their calling too well to do this. They know, each and every man of them, that there is no one who feels greater sympathy for them than the Queen they serve; and that when she thanks her brave men for brave deeds bravely done, her gratitude comes from the heart and not from the lips alone. Her recent visits to the hospitals where her wounded soldiers lie have borne ample evidence to this. Her instincts are all those of sympathy, gentleness and love.

Whenever the Queen acts upon her own initiative, something good, something generous, something graceful is the result. How much the country may have to regret from interference with her inward wishes we shall perhaps never know, but this is very certain, that if Her Gracious Majesty had been able to do as her own fine feeling dictated she would have gone to Ireland long ago. She would, without doubt, have visited it as often as she visited the French Riviera, and we may be quite sure that the Irish people would never have returned her kindness by insult as the French have done. For though we do not consider the low boulevard press as representing the voice of France, one would like to see a more general rising of warm protest among the French at the offense perpetrated by one, or a few, of their countrymen against the Queen, whose noble reputation, as well as whose reverend age, should insure her safety from this kind of coarse indignity.

The Queen's Aloofness from Smart Society

One wonders, glancing back through the history of the triumphant reign of this great and good Sovereign, how things might have been if the Prince Consort had lived! If the Queen, instead of being driven by deep grief and heartbreak to retire into more or less privacy, had continually appeared at the head and front of society and taken enthusiastic part in all its doings! Certainly there would have been a very different state of things to that which exists at present. We venture to think divorces would not be so common. And it is just possible that some of the aristocracy would be leading very different lives, and that so many of them would not be seen at Monte Carlo season after season, gambling away their reputations and virtues together. The Queen's steadfast, beautiful example of life would have been more faithfully followed by the majority than it is, and the entrée into the Upper Ten would not have been given to the newest South African millionaire. To be presented at Court would have been really a distinctive sign of honor and high standing, not a mere form of social custom and usage in which flaunting Vice rubs shoulders with modest Virtue. The atrocious vulgarity, slang and open licentiousness of the so-called "smart set" would never have disgraced our English breeding; in fact, it is extremely doubtful whether this same "smart set" would have existed at all—or if it had existed, it would not have been termed "smart," but rather the contrary. The personal friends of the Queen are men and women of upright and honorable life, and there is a very strong, visible line of demarcation between Her Majesty's guests and what is called "society." In London this line of demarcation is not so quickly and generally observable as it is in the provinces. London is a seething whirlpool of incessant excitement, incessant "rush," incessant competition; and perhaps one of the fiercest struggles going on in it to-day is the fight between Honor and Disgrace—whether to live well or live ill—whether to sell the soul to Mammon or keep it clean for God; and between the great houses that "receive" the Phrynes and Aspasias of the stage and those who pay servile worship to the speculator there is very little to choose. And to many of the more thoughtful among Her Majesty's subjects the untimely death of the Prince Consort is the only cloud upon the brightness of her glorious reign—not only because of the irremediable grief it caused to the Queen, but also because it has deprived the social world of that closer influence and more constant guidance which from her would have been of such inestimable advantage not only to us but to all nations. However, despite the sorrows which have separated her in certain ways from the world of fashion and amusement, she remains the guiding light of everything good in our society.

Queen Victoria's Visit to Ireland

How warmly and heartily the Irish people appreciate the firm courage and womanly grace of Her Majesty's visit need not here be emphasized. Those who are inclined to indulge in rankling thoughts of the past and to dwell on old injuries and bitterness should try to feel and to realize that it is not their gentle and gracious Queen who has of her own will and wish appeared to neglect them. It should be remembered that she is a constitutional Sovereign and must generally do as her Ministers bid. Never has such an opportunity occurred for her boldly to take her own initiative as now, when the dauntless, high-spirited sons of Erin have fought and died for her cause. With that fine perception and instinctive tact inherent in her nature, the Queen has recognized that now or never must her children of the Emerald Isle learn that the mother love of her heart is as warm for them as it is for all her glorious Household of Nations, and that the loss of her Irish sons who have been stricken down in battle for her honor has caused her as much grief and as many tears as even they, in their passionate exigency of need and clamor for love, could demand. Great was the joy and pride of England on this last St. Patrick's Day, when the bright green flag emblazoned with the Harp of Erin floated beside the Royal Standard from many a window in many a city and town, and willingly and with light hearts did the people, one and all, obey their Queen-Mother's command and wear the bright little shamrock on their breasts as a sign of affection not only for their Sovereign but for their sister island. Lovely Ireland, with its purple hills, deep green valleys, lakes and streams, has been for a long time like the "ugly duckling" of the fairy fable; but we must not forget how that much-tormented bird, whom none of its brothers and sisters could understand on account of its "strange ways," turned out to be the fairest of the brood, after all, and developed into the graceful beauty of the swan. With tenderness, with care, with affection where there has been mistrust, with fraternity where there has been dispute, Erin will realize this transfiguration in herself and mark the days on which her great Queen-Mother came to rest under her protection as a golden time in her calendar. No brighter daughter of the home does Victoria possess than Erin; her face is one of the sweetest, her heart one of the staunchest. Poetry, romance, beauty distinguish her; and when she sends her warriors out to fight there are few that can match them or resist them. Little need be said for the Irish women, whose standard for upright living and chastity is the highest in the world, or for the sweet, wild Irish girls with their bright eyes and dark tangles of hair and lovely, laughing, animated faces. The Queen, in her good heart, cannot but rejoice to know of such fresh youth and beauty and unspoilt innocence, flourishing as the flowers flourish in this mossy dell-like corner

of her Empire. The gallant Irish heroes who have fallen in the fight have not perished in vain, if their memory brings the Queen closer to Irish hearts and makes her one of them.

What the Queen Has Done for Her Own Sex

With the summer that is now breaking in upon us we may hope that peace will come like the dove of the ark, flying across the troubled waters and bringing good news of rest. For the Queen's sake we pray that this may be; and that the clouds which have darkened the skies so threateningly may disperse in clear sunshine. England wants all nations to understand that she desires brotherhood rather than enmity, love instead of hatred. The country has been blessed abundantly with good things, and it will be impossible for future history to chronicle a more glorious era of advancement in good works and good feeling than that of Victoria, Queen and Empress.

A universal charity has prevailed throughout the realm; never have the poor had so much done for them, never have the sick been so carefully housed and tended, never has any one with skill and determination had better chances of fortune than now. And, despite the fact previously alluded to, that there is no civilized country where woman's work meets with so much flippant ridicule from the casual man as in England, the intellectual progress of woman under a woman's government has been steady and triumphant. This fact alone is a distinctive mark of the Queen's great epoch. This may or may not be due to the Queen's influence, or the consciousness that all have, that the Sovereign, though the ruler of the most magnificent Empire in existence, is still—only a woman! Whatever may be the cause, the fact is there; and the intellectual capacity of women workers in Great Britain is bound to reach a very high level.

Everything has advanced and made for the better in Victoria's reign, and only one section of society persistently harks back to the worser morals and manners of Charles the Second's period. That, however, is a small section, and by the natural course of events is gradually beginning to destroy itself. And when history writes the record of Victoria's long and brilliant reign the small blots on society's scutcheon will vanish as though they had never been, and the persons who have made those blots will be "passed over" as unimportant items of ill-assorted fare in a full feast of plenty. And the glorious name and fame of the one Queen in England's history who is truly the mother of her people will shine like the sun in a cloudless sky. There is no one so good as she is, so simple, so kind, so thoughtful of her subjects. Her little hand holds a great Empire in the gentle grasp of loving-kindness. She is the bond of union between the Old World and the New. Her spirit is with her brave soldiers on the field of battle, and, whenever she can, she takes her welcome presence to them when they are brought home wounded and disabled. She evinces a constant, active interest in the work of foreign peoples despite foreign insult; she sends her greeting to the sons and daughters of her loyal Colonies with all the tenderness she truly feels; and wherever her name is spoken it is received with veneration and homage. Unique in goodness, unique in power, unique in history, she is, in her great age and continued vigor, the crowning splendor of her splendid reign.

"God save the Queen" is no mere formula; it is the prayer of a mighty people, a people of various climes and colors and creeds, all differing in opinion but all banded together in one great family of union and defense under the one mother whose love has never failed them and never will fail them, Victoria, the greatest Queen in the world!

What the Isthmian Canal Will Do For The Pacific Coast — By James D. Phelan, Mayor of San Francisco

BEFORE the day of railroads the sea was the great highway of commerce, and cities were built by navigable streams for the sake of water communication. But the United States, bent upon internal development, seems during these latter years to have neglected the ocean for the plain and the river for the rail. The trade of inland cities was stimulated and it vied with that of the great maritime ports; but now there is an impending change. The advantages possessed by cities having navigable waterways at their doors, everything else being equal, must ultimately confer commercial supremacy.

Railroad combinations and monopolies by exacting high rates, based very often upon inflated indebtedness or inordinate greed, render the iron horse a capricious and extravagant servant. Therefore we find the canals of New York State generously patronized, and in this so-called railroad age so important an enterprise as the Manchester ship canal is inaugurated. It was found there that it was necessary to unite the city directly with the sea and depend no longer upon the unstable union of the rail and the sail.

The triumphant poet of the great ocean sings to the sea:

"Man marks the earth with ruin, his control stops with thy shore."

The sea is a free highway for the use of the people of the world. No man can call it his own. Rights of way are neither asked nor given and by it transportation is cheapest. The sea-cities of this country and this coast will, however, cope with each other on a basis of the facilities for distribution which they offer and the port charges they exact. Railroads shall thus be made supplementary to, and not a substitute for, the ocean highway which they try to usurp.

Taking Advantage of the Pacific Opportunity

San Francisco, to which the Pacific Ocean has been unrolled as a scroll, and to which this vast expanse of water has been unveiled by the achievements of Dewey, must look to the sea. The "Pacific opportunity" shall be heeded. The coming of the Santa Fé Railroad to San Francisco this year may discipline the Southern Pacific and the distribution of cargoes coming and going may thus be facilitated. The Interstate Commerce Commission is now sitting in San Francisco to save to the city its natural advantages from unfair competition. With the canal we shall be better able to compete with Chicago and St. Louis as a distributing centre for the country west of the Rocky Mountains.

The Pacific trade is coming in leaps and bounds. Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, the possible dismemberment of China and the establishment of the policy of the "open door," the awakening of Japan, the construction of the Siberian Railroad and the Nicaragua Canal, show why San Francisco and the Pacific Coast are advancing. Sir Charles Beresford said that there were two cities which would be enormously benefited by the coming Chinese trade following the "open door," and they were San Francisco and Hankow. This is what he said in an authorized interview on his return last year from the Orient:

"MAYOR PHELAN: What relation do you think the Pacific Coast bears to the development of the Orient?

"LORD BERESFORD: Well, in my humble opinion, in the future there are two cities that will become the largest and the richest, merely because they are in the highway of trade. The depots, the distributors of trade, must be San Francisco and Hankow. Other cities, as Honolulu, will be great. Those cities must be great whatever policies are adopted.

"MAYOR PHELAN: How would the Nicaragua Canal affect the great highways?

"LORD BERESFORD: The canal will be a highway of its own. The chances are that the canal will cause trade to come to San Francisco. It may build up a city at its mouth; it is likely to do so. But I could not give an opinion as to that without going to the locality. It is a question of cost, of soundings, of what the initial expenditure will be, or would be, to make a great place at the mouth of that canal.

"DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN: Two great difficulties are lack of good harbor and the unwholesome climate.

"LORD BERESFORD: Those would militate against spending a great amount of money there. To make a new place you must spend money to develop it. Trade will come up here because men are not going to go straight across that enormous ocean. There must be a point of departure.

"DR. JORDAN: They must come up because it is cheaper than to carry coal for the whole distance.

"LORD BERESFORD: Certainly."

The Attempts to Bottle up San Francisco

Expanding trade must find an outlet. Barriers must be broken down. The Pacific Coast is cut off from the great centres of civilization by a continent and a sea. Railroad transportation is expensive and our merchants and producers languish under its exactions. Artificial conditions are created in the interest of the transcontinental railroads, which are to-day the principal opponents of the construction of the canal.

In 1878, the Union and Central Pacific Railroads forced San Francisco merchants to enter into special contracts. Those refusing could not get the railway service at all, and the condition was that the merchants contracting should abandon the sea and use the railroad exclusively. Until 1893, the date of its dissolution, the Transcontinental Association subsidized the Panama Steamship Company and the Pacific Mail in order to "bottle up" San Francisco and exclude its merchants from the advantages of the sea and its competitive rates. The merchants organized and fought back with some success, but the fact remains that the long route by the Horn has embarrassed the Pacific Coast and retarded its commercial development. How has it been embarrassed? Three thousand miles of continent and fifteen thousand miles of ocean stretch between us and the Atlantic seaboard. By means of the canal, the sea distance can be cut down to about five thousand miles. That is the main consideration.

Now the Pacific Coast of the United States consists of producers, rather than manufacturers, and as ocean freights are so very much lower than those by rail, the saving of distance, with a consequent diminution of time, means prosperity for the producer; whereas our lumber, wheat and fruit industries have so far yielded their deserved profits to the railroads. New York in eighteen days and Europe in twenty-five will give our merchants some control of the market. Now, most shipments are speculative and go forward to an uncertain goal.

California's Manufacturing Prospects

The East and Northern Europe will demand our fruits and fruit products in increasing quantities, and, by canal, refrigerator steamers can safely serve this great industry. Raw materials, coal and iron, will make return shipments profitable. Coal and iron are scarce on the coast. With them we can help to serve the local and even export demands for manufactured articles, although we have reason to believe that our oil wells and water power, generating electricity at little expense as they are now doing in limited fields, will raise us in a very few years to higher manufacturing rank.

The Pacific Coast needs a desirable population. California, with 157,000 square miles of territory, has less than 1,500,000 people. Railroad transportation is too expensive, so the canal will give us the benefits of a better class of settlers than those with which we are being afflicted. Asiatic countries have a teeming population. The Chinese once threatened to overrun the fair valleys of California, which would far better remain untouched by industry than be settled and tilled by these non-assimilative coolies, whose presence is an economic blight and a political danger. The Japanese now give evidence of a large impending immigration. California wants men, but wants the Caucasian, whose coöperation in building up the State as citizens and men of family gives them a value which cannot be estimated in money. The Asiatic is industrious and imitative and drives the American workman, on whose shoulders rest our schools, churches and homes, to the wall. Better no increased production than by these one-sided coolies. Let us trade with them at long range. American civilization demands it. There are those of the East who dissent from these views. The canal will admit, if needed, of Asiatic immigration elsewhere than the Pacific Coast, where it is now spawned, and give us a European immigration to which, under reasonable restrictions, we do not object.

Changes in the World's Commerce

The changes in the commerce of the world affected by the canal cannot be accurately forecast. It has been said that it will sweep by the Pacific Coast, and the commerce we have will be interrupted or destroyed. We are told by observers that Asiatic merchandise, which should naturally seek Pacific ports for distribution, is diverted by the Suez Canal to Eastern centres. The Nicaragua Canal will in part neutralize this loss. The Atlantic Coast will be supplied through it and the coast ports will find the fleets of the Orient calling at their wharves, because, by "great circle" sailing, ships will find themselves about one hundred miles from San Francisco, and, going and coming, they will call, and, while coaling, they can discharge and take on partial cargoes. In fact, San Francisco's usefulness as a port will grow with the commerce of the Pacific, which the canal will greatly augment. The whole country will profit by it; the interests of peace and war will be equally served. The race of the Oregon showed the necessity of a closer union between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The Pacific Coast, without the canal, is exposed to the enemy's fleet. The fortifications of the English at Esquimalt, by commanding the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, threaten Puget Sound. The next war of the United States will be on the Pacific, and this coast looks to the canal, controlled by Americans and fortified against the world, for its protection and for the safety of the Flag.

From New York to San Francisco, by the present water route, is a distance of 15,700 miles. Via the proposed canal, the distance will be cut down to a little less than 5000 miles, which is a saving equivalent to about two-thirds. The Isthmian Canal also will reduce the distance from New York to Manila (going west) to that via the Suez Canal.

The future arena of the world's commercial activity will be also on the Pacific, as forecast by Seward, and the Isthmian Canal will, when completed, speed the day. Our interests on this coast are wrapped up in the commerce of the great ocean at our doors, and we believe, in a broad and patriotic sense, that the canal will, by opening the Pacific to increased activity, confer benefits upon the great coast line washed by its waves from Puget Sound to San Diego.

The Song of the Woman
By Frank L. Stanton

THEY'LL never have done with the fightin' on land an' over sea;
Government—Government, what does it care—what does it care for me?
Bugles must blow an' flags must wave, an' the muffled drums must beat,
An' what to a lass is a lover when they lay him dead at her feet?

They'll never have done with the fightin'. Forward the columns sweep;
I hear the shout o' the Captains as I tend the hearth an' weep.
Far off an' faint—but I hear it; an' a white, dead face I see
Under the sod in the grave that God an' Government make for me!

His hair was like the raven's wing. (I joy that my lips have prest,
As it fell in its flowing beauty, this dark lock on my breast!)
An' his brave, bright eyes looked love to mine—the eyes I shall never see
'Till God at the great white Judgment Day shall give him back to me.

Bible they've got for battles: For men have fought an' died
Ere the Prince of Peace said strife should cease—the Prince that they crucified.
Though a woman's tears bedew the years, shall they stay the crimson tide?
What can you do with Government with *Bible* on its side?

Men must fight the battles; lover an' lass must part;
But what is a star of glory to a woman's broken heart?
Government's right, they tell me, an' the wrong must righted be;
Give the lass then to her lover—an' my dead love back to me!

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The Increased Cost of Foreign Travel

Those who wish to go to Europe cheaply this year might just as well dismiss their hopes. The trip will cost more than at any time for years. Two causes explain this. The war in South Africa has drawn heavily upon the steamship lines of Great Britain for transports, and thus the carrying capacity between this country and Europe has been materially reduced. In the second place, the Paris Exposition has put up the prices all the way from twenty-five to one hundred per cent. The great prosperity of the United States has provided many of our people with money for travel. The consequence is many of them have decided to go across to see the greatest show of the century. The matter of expense never entered so little into the calculations in the whole history of the country. No one can blame the steamship companies, therefore, for getting all they can, and, possibly with one or two exceptions, every line has very largely increased its rates, but increase or no increase, those who have not engaged accommodations will find that nearly everything from now until the middle of summer is gone.

A writer for The Saturday Evening Post recently spent a day among the steamship men of New York, and they cheerfully admitted that the rates had been raised, and added that about everything they had was taken. Of course, there are always changes in plans—illness or other circumstances which keep at home persons who expected to take a trip abroad, and these afford opportunities for the late comers; but as a rule every ship, from Galveston to Halifax, that goes out of port now has every stateroom filled. It is the biggest year ever known in transatlantic travel.

Millions in Tips that Travelers Pay

Mr. Vance Thompson, in his brilliant letters from Paris, has warned Americans against any ambition of visiting the Exposition at small expense. His article has been copied all over the country and has reached millions of readers. As he is on the ground and knows Paris as well as he knows New York, his word can be relied upon. Prices of living for strangers in Paris have been increased from twenty-five to forty per cent., and that is a condition which all visitors must uncomplainingly face. But before they arrive they must also dismiss the idea that they can get across the Atlantic pleasantly without paying well for it.

It has been calculated that the American travelers this year will spend over five million dollars in tips alone. Most of them will do it grudgingly, because of all the petty blackmail of our advanced civilization these gratuities are the meanest and most provoking. At the same time, if one is traveling and wishes to get along comfortably he must deal out the tidbits on every hand. If you should want to know the depth of human misery simply decline to give any fee at all while taking a trip across the Atlantic Ocean. Then you may envy Jonah in his solitude within the whale's interior. On the other side, of course, if you do not pay the tips, you will simply be asked for them just as you would for your street-car fare or railroad ticket. It is pretty hard, but there is no escape from it, and this year the people who get tips are exacting in their demands.

Slower Ships but Greater Comfort

At the same time, people will have finer quarters than were ever before known in travel. The evolution of the modern steamship is as interesting as a novel. Take, for instance, the cattle-ship. It began as a huge freight boat. Later it was found that amidships there was room for a few passengers. The few passengers liked it wonderfully because of the smooth sailing and the moderate cost. Then gradually more stateed, and the cattle soon carry- goes of human beings. ocean greyhound, burn- each voyage—using strenuous effort to meanwhile churning sengers into six days did not pay the div- advertisements. Now, tremes has come the side of the ocean splen- which exceed the grey- beauties, and which ships in their speed. In ship com- come to ap- the average wants com- happens that dozen mil- are now in this new

The other Cramps' Delaware, the largest ship ever Hemisphere was laid be nearly 600 feet long. She is built by the same St. Paul, St. Louis, unlike them, she will keels that will keep her road train. It will take passage on a boat of sengers will enjoy life will be two type, and panies are what similar

Two will England this never was a popularity of was so great interesting steamship world is at work and

Another develop- special excursions. built a magnificent on tours around the two trips a year, and comforts and conve- dark room for the in- tographers. In all our is nothing more ex- architecture. In many of our railroads, whose marvels of luxury

The difficulties were, of course, many, but in everything the have been able the smoothness rooms were add- thus well above the ships were ing large car- The other type was the ing fortunes in coal on men and machinery in a make records, and in the the stomachs of the pas- of unhappiness. These idends, but they made fine finally, between the ex- compromise, for on each did ships are being built hound in the luxuries and slightly excel the cattle- other words, the steam- panies have preciate that passenger fort. So it at least a lion dollars being spent type of boat. day at the yard, on the the keel of constructed in the Western —a leviathan which will with a tonnage of 12,500. company that owns the Paris and New York, but, have great, broad bilge almost as steady as a rail- a day or so longer for the this kind, but the pas- in the meanwhile. There of the same other com- building some- ships also. be launched in month. There time when the ocean travel and it is an fact that every company in the is making money. ment is in the line of and a company has just yacht to take parties world. She will make she combines all the nlences, including a evitable amateur pho- modern building there traordinary than marine respects it is far ahead limited trains are such and real convenience. in the way great and spite of architects to achieve with speed.

The Fine Ability that Produces Ships

When we sail upon one of these great ships or go down to the wharf to give our friends a good-by we seldom appreciate the splendid talent and artisanship that have combined to produce the floating palace. We do not stop to consider that the modern steamship is as delicately put together as the finest watch, and we forget that the men who did this work are wonderful workers for the benefit and progress of mankind. Possibly you would not recognize their names if they were mentioned, but there can be no question about the credit that is due to them. Indeed, it was said the other day when the Institute of Naval Architects met in England that the men in session there had done more for the development of commerce than all of the governments—of course this includes the politicians—of the world combined. And they could point to a most remarkable fact—namely, that the ships they had made had taken 250,000 men on hurried orders to South Africa without the loss of a single life. In our own country the builders of our ships include much of the finest ability and most perfect manhood in our population. Practically all of them come from the ranks.

A New Type of American Enterprise

In another way there is still more conspicuous development in steamship character. In England they have a law forbidding the construction of competitive lines of railways, and the average railway manager there is one who seems to have lost a large part of interest in life; but on the sea there can never be any such restrictions or regulations. If competition be the life of trade it is the very essence of shipping, and thus of necessity there has come to the front a class of alert, vigorous and incessant men who are alive to every proposition and quick to use every opportunity. The portraits of three of them are on this page. The first, the General Manager of the largest American line—the International Navigation Company; second, the General Manager of the North German-Lloyd; and third, the General Manager of the Dominion Line of Canada, in Boston.

Over a million and a quarter tons of merchantmen were taken by the English Government for the purpose of transporting troops to South Africa. One result was to increase freight rates almost threefold. Some lines were badly crippled, but they are doing everything in the world to get new ships, and thus many of the shipyards of England have just been able to declare dividends of ten per cent. and over. The line which was crippled the worst has just launched a monster of 600 feet and 13,500 tons, and a sister ship will be off the ways in three weeks. Last year there were built in England 1,242,592 tons of steamships, but of these 609,589 went to foreigners. There were fifty-two ships of over 5000 tons, and 98.7 per cent. of the tonnage built was of steel. In nearly every other country the increase is going on. For instance, Germany is now building five 6000-ton and two 5300-ton ships for the South African trade, and for this the company will get a subsidy of $350,000 a year.

New Steamship Legislation

In the legislation of England it is proposed, in a measure known as the Shippers' Liability Bill, to limit the liability of shipowners to forty dollars a ton of the vessel damaged.

In this country the most important measure is that proposed by Senators Hanna and Elkins by which a subsidy will be paid to American ships. President McKinley has favored it and there is a strong political influence back of it, but as a rule the newspapers and public men of the country seem disposed to object to a policy of bounties as contrary to the spirit and history of the country.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

PHOTO BY ALBANY ART UNION
HON. WM. ASTOR CHANLER

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LILLIAN NORDICA as Brunhilde

PHOTO BY PARKER
HON. G. D. MEIKLEJOHN

Making a Hundred Dollars a Minute

The largest sum for the briefest service recently received by the most liberally paid of all professionals, the prima donna, was given Madame Nordica on the occasion of her appearance in a concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, several weeks ago. For two songs which required five minutes each to sing she received $1000, or at the rate of $100 a minute. The songs were Grieg's Swan and a Serenade by Richard Strauss. The occasion was the first American appearance of Herr von Schuch, conductor of the Royal Opera, Dresden.

Madame Nordica, among the soloists originally announced, was taken suddenly ill during a performance of Tristan und Isolde at the Metropolitan the Saturday previous to the concert. With her customary pluck she finished the performance, but was obliged to take to her bed as soon as it was ended. There she was forced to remain until next Thursday, when it was time to dress for the concert. She appeared at the Metropolitan on time, sang her two songs and was persistently recalled for an encore. Her strength not being equal to a response she bowed her appreciation and finally took Madame Patti's method of positive refusal by returning to the stage with her carriage cloak about her shoulders. Once home she found she had no alternative but to return to the bed she had left to sing. But in the short time of her absence, in addition to keeping faith with the public and adding to the brilliance of the concert, she had received $1000 for ten minutes' actual work. For her first concert engagement, Madame Nordica, then a girl of sixteen, received ten dollars. Now in the zenith of her powers the largest sum received by Madame Nordica for a single concert was $1700. This latest achievement of $1000 for ten minutes eclipses even that.

Why David B. Hill Wears a Silk Hat

There are probably no two men in Albany so nearly alike and so much unlike as ex-Governor David B. Hill and Governor Theodore Roosevelt. Both men are fighters, although their methods differ. Both are brave and eloquent, and each received his office from a political party with which he in many respects differed. The two Governors often meet, and there is usually a little quiet fun between them when they come together. Both men have the gift of saying sharp things. Not long ago the New York State newspaper men gave a banquet at Stanwix Hall, in Albany, and among the guests of honor were the two Governors. Colonel Roosevelt came first. He wore an evening suit and his famous brown sombrero made famous by the Rough Riders. It was a combination costume at once original and picturesque. Among the last of the guests to arrive was Mr. Hill, who was conventionally attired, even to his silk hat.

"Ah!" exclaimed Colonel Roosevelt in his peculiar staccato manner, as he grasped Mr. Hill's hand, "now we have with us a real Albany swell. Governor Hill is the only man here to-night with a silk hat."

"I've got a slouch hat myself," returned Mr. Hill softly, "but I left it at home. I've given up wearing it since I went out of the advertising business."

Then dinner was announced and the remainder of the evening passed pleasantly.

Doctor Angell's Little Joke

Dr. James B. Angell, President of the University of Michigan, ex-Minister to China and to Turkey, is very much of a diplomat and a very hard man from whom to get a direct statement when he does not choose to make one. He is especially hard on interviewers, but in 1897, just before he left on Turkey, gave to a some in- did not choose to di- take came from the the truth in a joking think he was speaking from the inability of a ent to see a joke. And

Trouble had arisen Doctor Angell by the heard that the proposed of missionaries. He good could come from ter. These facts had public. It was known delayed his what was could not The green ceived a tel- a Detroit paper to see Angell and had changed sailing. He do so. He

"Haven't a word to "Really, I don't know

And then laughing in you're not getting much he remarked, "Why, I I'll go to the Turkey

The green reporter office. He had to say quote the President's To the State editor any smile or To him the that Presi- said there and that he Minister to Sultan. This

Big head- first page fact that very respondents papers hastened to see

The latter tried his sisted that if he had was in fun. But it reporter's dispatch Washington, and the printed the President's over it the official Porte was objecting to ground of his close Congregational mis-

Doctor Angell's name nence diplomatically the discussion compelling pay the money American citi- suffered from there several his mission to be accidentally Detroit paper formation he vulge. Part of the mis- Doctor's habit of telling way, which led men to purely in fun, and part green college correspond- the result was this story. about the acceptance of Sultan. The latter had Minister was a great friend was suspicious that no receiving such a charac- not, however, been made that Doctor Angell had sailing, but the cause be learned. reporter re- egram from afternoon President ask why he his date of proceeded to asked him.

say," said the diplomat. anything new at all."

a way that said, "Guess information from me," don't even know whether or not. Good-night." hurried to the telegraph something. He would exact words. He did so. there was no intimation of any sarcasm. dispatch meant dent Angell was some hitch might not go as the Court of the was important. lines on the announced the night, and cor- for the morning President Angell.

diplomatic arts and in- made such a remark it was no use. The green stirred up officials in morning papers that explanation printed statement that the Doctor Angell on the relationship to the sionary board.

came again into promi- the other day when arose about Turkey to promised zens who the riots years ago.

A Hard-Working Government Officer

Assistant Secretary of War, George D. Meiklejohn, is said to do more work every day than any great merchant in the country. His virtues in this line were made known by a Congressman who told the story of his experience:

"Say, there's a man in the Department there who does something! Just think of it, a fellow who draws a big salary and earns it—more than earns it—by hard work. Perhaps you think I am joking, but I'm not. I'm in earnest, in dead earnest! I had a life and death matter on hand. I half killed myself getting the papers ready. It took me a week, and, although I never work except when I have to, I can put in just as good licks as any one else when it's necessary. The papers made a big bundle, as big nearly as a tombstone, and just as interesting. I took them to the War office on Saturday, Saturday at four o'clock, and gave them to Meiklejohn. He says, 'Come in Monday morning.' I wanted to laugh, but didn't. I knew, however, I'd have to wait two or three weeks. I was so sure I'd have bet on it, and I'm not a betting man. Monday morning I happened to be in the building on another matter. As I passed Meiklejohn's door I thought I'd go in, and I did. I almost fell dead. There were my papers ready for me, signed; I could scarcely thank him, I was so dumbfounded."

W. A. Chanler's Brilliant Career

One of the most popular members of Congress is the Honorable William Astor Chanler, who, although less than thirty-three years, has achieved prominence in several directions. He came of distinguished ancestry; his father, the late J. W. Chanler, was elected to Congress three times, and John Jacob Astor was his grandfather. Mr. Chanler graduated from Harvard in 1887, and later received the degree of A. M. from that university. As soon as he came of age he took his famous trip into Africa, and for a time grave fears were felt for his safety; but after five months of exploration he turned up all right with a lot of new information that led to his election to important geographical societies.

When the war with Spain began he was one of the first to offer his services. He proposed to equip and arm a whole regiment at his own expense, and when this was declined he went South, finally receiving a commission from the President conferring upon him the duties of Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. He was honorably discharged from the work on October 3. He served a term in the New York Legislature, and then his election to Congress followed. In Congress he has won many friends, and, despite his large wealth, he is one of the most democratic of the members.

The Pastimes of Eighty-Three

Captain John Codman, who died recently at the age of eighty-six, was a prominent member of the New York Reform and the Twilight Clubs, and was one of the best-known writers upon industrial subjects in the country. He retained his strength and vigor to a remarkable degree, and when he was seventy-six years old he was accustomed to ride on horseback between New York and Boston solely for the exercise. Innumerable stories are told of his vigor. Two or three years ago he was seen walking briskly down town in New York one of the bitterest days of the winter. The thermometer was down to zero and the wind was blowing a gale.

"Pretty cold, isn't it?" remarked a friend who met him.

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! I know it. What important business takes you outdoors in this storm?"

"Nothing very important," replied the old man as he strode on. "I've been skating on the lake up at the Park."

Memories of Moody By His Son
William Revell Moody
IV. Revivals in the Early Seventies

THE evangelistic mission in America, which gave to Mr. Moody his larger usefulness and his higher reputation, began almost a quarter of a century ago and covered nearly every part of the United States. The years in which the movement gathered the force that made it such an unprecedented success in religious zeal and results covered the years 1875, 1876 and 1877. Five missions in five of the largest cities of the country showed Mr. Moody's great powers as an independent worker in evangelism. First in Brooklyn, next in Philadelphia, next in New York, next in Chicago, and then in Boston, with steadily increasing congregations and interest, the work gained a momentum that carried it throughout the nation. Not only that, but in Canada and even in Mexico Mr. Moody won in respect and confidence. In some places he spent entire winters working along evangelistic lines and in Bible readings among Christians. In Baltimore, in St. Louis, in San Francisco he stayed from five to six months, and thus from place to place he carried on the work.

But the first great success—the first complete confidence—was won in the largest centres of population. Mr. Moody appreciated the necessity of having men of force on his side, and thus he enlisted the support of laymen who were able to give him the opportunity for large enterprise. Indeed, he had learned this lesson in Great Britain and he put it into effect when he began his wider work in America. A prominent financier was once asked, "How is it that while you and other like men are all but inaccessible, fenced in by closed doors and guarded by polite but immovable private secretaries, Dwight L. Moody sees you at any time?"

"He is one of us," was the reply.

Mr. Moody's argument in persuading these men to support his work was simple and direct. "Water runs down hill," he said, "and the highest hills in America are the great cities. *If* we can stir them we shall stir the whole country." How prophetic his words were was shown in the record of his labors!

It was in October, 1875, and in the city of Brooklyn that Mr. Moody's first American campaign began. He had made thorough preparations for it; places of assembly had been provided; programs had been arranged and the various denominations had been united in plans for prayer and conference. The main building was a rink in which chairs for 5000 persons were placed. Soon this was filled, and then, by the help of the local clergymen and laymen, the overflow meetings and special services were accommodated in the different churches. The success was extraordinary, and those who had at first criticised the meetings expressed a profound respect in the end for the methods of Mr. Moody, and for results that attended them.

IRA D. SANKEY

Philadelphia was the next place of attack, and the building was the recently abandoned freight station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has since become the John Wanamaker store. Seats to accommodate 15,000 persons were provided. The fame of the Brooklyn meetings had preceded the enterprise. With more earnestness than ever the local clergymen engaged in the work. There were separate meetings for different classes of hearers, and Mr. Moody, at one of the services, said that he was going to have the meetings for young men limited to those under forty, because that would just take him in. His fortieth birthday was celebrated shortly afterward. The remarkable thing in this mission was a meeting set apart especially for intemperate men and women, and almost incredible results followed his appeal to this motley, miserable congregation.

In the Philadelphia meetings Mr. Moody was assisted by such men as John Wanamaker and George A. Stuart, and there were many incidents of unusual interest. Mr. Stuart thus spoke of the meetings: "At the morning meetings in the Depot Church and on Sundays the early hour at which people came was remarkable. The watchman told me that he saw men gathering there as early as 4:30 A. M., and at six o'clock on cold mornings in January the throng was so great that he was obliged to open the doors." During this Philadelphia mission many Princeton students attended, and after their return they began begging Mr. Moody to come and preach for the University. The work inaugurated at that time has spread throughout the world.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of papers which began in The Saturday Evening Post of April 7, dealing with the more important events in Mr. Moody's life.

Doctor Trumbull speaks of a famous New Year's service, when, after a conversation between Mr. Moody and the Rev. Dr. Plummer on the question of conversion, the audience was intensely concentrated upon the spiritual significance of the meeting. Doctor Trumbull wrote: "As the hour of midnight approached, the appeals of Mr. Moody, following this illustrative inquiry meeting, grew more and more earnest, and the solemnity of the service deepened. Just before twelve o'clock he asked all present to join in silent prayer.

"While all heads were still bowed, the profound stillness was broken by Mr. Sankey's singing of Almost Persuaded. Then the closing moments of the passing year were given to earnest prayer, especially for those who had arisen to ask for it, and were now urged to a final decision.

"When, at midnight, the sounding out of the bell at Independence Hall was the signal for all the bells of the city and the steam whistles on every side to greet the incoming year, Mr. Moody wished all a 'Happy New Year,' and that never-to-be-forgotten watch-night service closed. Its echoes are still resounding in many hearts on earth and in Heaven, and their gratitude is now deeper than ever to dear Mr. Moody and his fellow-worker on that sacred occasion."

The Mission at Madison Square in New York

From Philadelphia Mr. Moody went to New York. A cordial invitation had been extended to him from a temporary organization of which the late Rev. Dr. John Hall was chairman. After he concluded his work in Philadelphia he accepted this invitation, and a permanent organization was formed. William E. Dodge was president of the general committee; George H. Andrews, Bowles Colgate and Henry Oakley, vice-presidents, and more than thirty clergymen, representing nearly all the Protestant denominations, and as many laymen, were members of this committee. The executive committee consisted of Nathan Bishop, chairman; John C. Havemeyer, secretary, and William E. Dodge, Jr., the Rev. Dr. S. Irenaeus Prime, S. B. Shieffelin, Elliot F. Shepard, Morris K. Jesup and R. R. McBurney. The committee obtained a lease of the Hippodrome, on the site of the present Madison Square Garden, at Madison Avenue and Fourth Avenue, between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets, as the most central and suitable building for the meetings. The auditorium was divided into two large halls, each capable of seating about 7000 persons, and a call was issued by the committee for a private guarantee fund to meet attendant expenses.

D. L. MOODY

A STREET IN NORTHFIELD

In the call it was stated that "it must be distinctly understood that Messrs. Moody and Sankey refuse to receive any payment for their own services; thus no part of the above fund will be paid to them."

While the committee were attending to the business details, Christian people were not idle in the churches. There was an increased interest in meetings for prayer and religious conference. The daily prayer-meeting uptown, at Lyric Hall, was largely attended, while the Fulton Street meeting felt the fresh impulse of revival preparations. Again the same hearty cooperation and unity of the pastors of the leading churches were experienced, and this sympathy on the part of the churches found expression in the denominational papers.

The New York Mission did much to establish the evangelists in the firmer respect and commendation of the country. The secular and religious papers gave large accounts of the services and began to commend them. The hall was always filled. For an hour or more people were at the doors. An observer writes:

> "Promptly at eight o'clock two men take their places, one within the rail, the other at the melodeon. As the former rises, after a moment of silent prayer, you see a short, stout-built, square-shouldered man with bullet-shaped head set close on the shoulders, black eyes that twinkle merrily at times, and a full but not heavy beard and mustache. The face expresses fun, good humor, persistence. The coat is closely buttoned, with a bit of stand-up collar seen over it. Such is D. L. Moody, the leader of the Hippodrome work. As he stands with hand resting on the rail you are conscious that it is to see, not to be seen. Like an engineer with his hand on the throttle, like a physician with his finger on the patient's pulse, his mind is on the work before him. A quick, soldierly bearing marks every movement.
>
> "He gives out a hymn so rapidly that we scarce catch the words, and then we look at Sankey. A man of larger build, clear-cut features and shaven chin, a voice clear, melodious, powerful. Easier and gentler in bearing than Moody, he has enough force and fire in speech and song to hold an audience in perfect quiet; and when he sings alone you hear every word and catch from the face and voice the full meaning of the song. Both men impress you as honest and good, hearty and wholesome in body and mind, and thoroughly in earnest."

In the evening the meeting was still more interesting, and this pen picture is drawn:

> "Eight o'clock and Mr. Moody is at his post. It is a pleasant night, and though every seat is filled there is a large crowd outside. Announcing a hymn, he says:
>
> "'Now, won't a thousand of you Christians go into the Fourth Avenue Hall and pray for this meeting and let those outside have your seats?' Here is a practical application of Christian self-dental not pleasant to those who have fought for good seats. However, a few go out.
>
> "'Not half enough,' says Mr. Moody at the end of the first verse. 'I want a great many more to go out. I see many of you here every night, and if I knew your names I'd call you out.' So, after much urging, quite a number leave, the doors are opened and the empty seats are again filled.
>
> The platform does not escape.
>
> "'Now, some of you go,' and a few retire. 'Will the ushers please open the windows?' is the next order. Mr. Moody is autocratic in his demands for fresh air.
>
> "'Fresh air is as important as the sermon,' he says. 'We've got to keep these people awake, and they're half asleep already.' All very true, but opening the top back windows throws cruel drafts in the galleries, so it isn't long before the windows are shut, and very soon Mr. Moody is calling for fresh air again."

The Permanent Results of the N. Y. Mission

The hold of Messrs. Moody and Sankey over these audiences is attested in thousands of long descriptions. "Worshiping in the rude-walled Hippodrome, sitting on wooden chairs, led in song by a man with a melodeon, and preached to by a man without a pulpit, they have learned that costly churches, stained windows, soft cushions, great organs and quartette choirs are not necessary to the worship of God, and tend to drive away the poor, leaving the rich to enjoy the luxuries alone," said one.

The character of their work can be gathered from this comment:

> "The Hippodrome work is a vast business enterprise, organized and conducted by business men who have put money into it on business principles, for the purpose of saving men. But through all the machinery vibrates the power without which it would be useless—the power of the Holy Ghost. Of course it is successful. Men are being saved day and night, and a moral influence is felt round about the building itself. Two Sundays ago the police returns of the precinct showed no arrests—a thing before unknown—and a recent statement says that in spite of increased destitution among the poor this winter there has been no increase of crime."

It was generally admitted by the clergymen and papers that the work of Moody and Sankey in New York gave an impetus to congregational singing, filled the churches, and brought religious problems closer to the people. Mr. Moody in that building gathered day by day the largest audiences ever seen in that city. Some question was raised as to the permanency of the conversions, but the returns gathered in later years, not only from the personal messages to Mr. Moody but from the ministers of churches show that the results were permanently advantageous to the churches. The question that was then asked is never asked now, because it was so fully answered by the facts.

An interesting incident occurring during the New York Mission is related by Professor George P. Fisher, of the Yale Divinity School, as illustrating Mr. Moody's courageous frankness as well as his kindness. Says Doctor Fisher:

"I once passed an evening in company with Mr. Thurlow Weed, who was long a leader in the politics of New York,

and in the Civil War was sent abroad on a kind of unofficial embassy to confer with men of power in England. In the course of a long conversation Mr. Weed asked me if I knew Mr. Moody, and added that Mr. Moody wrote him an excellent letter, which he would like me to read. It was an acknowledgment of a very generous contribution from Mr. Weed to defray the expenses of the meetings held in New York. Mr Weed did not himself mention the occasion of the letter, but he afterward sent me a copy of it. This is the letter

"Mr. Weed

"*My Dear Friend*. Yours of the twentieth of March with check came to hand yesterday, and I am at a loss to know what to do. I am afraid you may put it in with some other good deeds and they may keep you from coming to Christ as a lost sinner. I wish you knew how anxious I am for you and how I long to see you out and out on the Lord's side. I thank you for the money, but what would you say if I should treat your gift as you have the gift of God and send it back to you—would you not be offended? Now as I take your gift, will you not take God's gift and let us rejoice together? I cannot bear to leave the city and leave you out of the Ark that God has provided for you and all the rest of us. Hoping to hear soon of your conversion, I remain your friend and brother (I hope) in Christ

"(Signed) D. L. Moody."

A Prophecy of Failure Refuted

Mr Moody's return to Chicago was discussed with much interest, and there were many who said that the series of meetings would be a failure. The mission began in October, 1876, but instead of any lack of enthusiasm there was the warmest response, not only from the clergy, but especially from the public. The meetings were held in the Auditorium, the largest hall in the city, having accommodations for 6000 people. Those who had said that he would not be able to fill this place found themselves greatly mistaken. The 6000 packed all the available space in the hall, and there were more than 6000 outside, so that the cable cars could not get past, and a line of policemen was unable to persuade the people to go away.

The Chicago Mission ended in a farewell service which was peculiarly dramatic. It was for those who professed to have been converted during Mr. Moody's services, and admission was by ticket only. Applications were made for 6000 of these tickets, and, before the meeting closed, local churches reported over 2000 accessions on profession of faith.

The success of the mission was extraordinary, and ever after that Mr. Moody's visits to Chicago were attended by great results, especially in 1876 and 1897.

A Search, Like Alexander's, for New Conquests

Next was a mission in Boston, an undertaking that presented peculiar difficulties. The idea of a revival in Boston was against the preconceived notions and conventions of that city. Mr. Moody received opposition from the start, but it was this very opposition that turned the tide in his favor. He made there some of the closest and best friends of his whole career—such men as Henry M. Moore, Henry Durant and Dr. A. J. Gordon, who all helped him in his subsequent labors and in his schools and conferences at Northfield. In Boston a large temporary building was erected for the mission, with a seating capacity of 6000. Prominent ministers and laymen of all denominations aided the work, and from the first great interest was shown. Week after week for two months on every good day, and often two or three times a day, the immense building was filled to overflowing. Even so conservative a man as Dr. Joseph Cook summed up the results with enthusiasm. He said that the revival surpassed that under Whitefield in Boston in 1740, and in the complete result of the work Messrs. Moody and Sankey did better than in their great meetings in Edinburgh. The success in Boston increased the hold of the evangelism upon the country at large. It had been in steadily rising ratio in all the five cities—Brooklyn first, Philadelphia next, New York third, Chicago fourth, and now Boston fifth. Then radiated those numerous services which became such important factors in the religious growth and interest of the nation during the past twenty-odd years.

The greatest obstacle that Mr. Moody encountered in reaching the unconverted was a curious one. The members of church came early to the place of meeting and took the nearest seats, and the consequence was that many thousands whom he most desired to reach were placed at a distance. For the same reason, he could not always make a success of his inquiry meetings, because people who had been converted either through him or through others would crowd [illegible]. Even in cities far away from the scenes of earlier missions these things would occur. Indeed, during his last extended tour on the Pacific Coast in the winter of 1899, he was continually meeting those who dated their Christian life through missions he had conducted years before in the Eastern States or in Great Britain. Thus it happened that he was always looking for new fields, and he accepted invitations to newly-settled towns in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. Little support was to be counted on in these places, but this simply made him redouble his energies.

In one town in the new country, after his sermon on Repentance, he received a hurriedly written note from a wanderer, stating that he had left the service that night convicted of his sins, and was leaving by the midnight train for his home in Philadelphia to seek his parents' pardon for his cruel treatment and desertion.

Through all this time, in spite of the crowds, he was doing all he could by man-to-man method to reach individuals. "Let every one of us try to get one soul," was his constant appeal, and the number that he won in this way cannot possibly be estimated. He never thought of such an estimate himself because he was intolerant of any such statistics. One interesting fact about his work is that his career of evangelism, in the words of Doctor Mackenzie, "reached its height in America during a period of extraordinary material prosperity."

End-of-the-Century Farming

EXPERTS of the Department of Agriculture have reckoned that seventy years ago in this country it required just a bit over three hours to produce a bushel of wheat. To-day an average bushel is turned out in ten minutes. In 1830 the cost of the labor consumed was nearly eighteen cents; at present it is only three and a third cents.

Similar figures might be cited for other products of the soil, but it will suffice to say that during the year 1899 a saving of $681,500,000 was made in the raising and harvesting of the seven principal crops in the United States by means of machines and methods invented within the last half century. In other words, the production of exactly the same crops fifty years ago would have cost that much more money.

This gives a vivid notion of the benefits conferred upon mankind by modern agricultural invention. The wheat crop is increased at least one eighth by the use of a single contrivance known as the mechanical reaper. Without the cotton-gin, it would be practically impossible to raise and to market the cotton crop of this country, which now amounts to 10,000,000 bales or more annually. The up-to-date corn-husker, which is a recent invention, husks the corn and at the same time cuts the husks, stalks and blades into feed. In corn shellers the very latest is a steam power machine which will shell a bushel a minute, carry off the cobs to a pile or into a wagon, and deliver the grain into sacks or wagons. But the most wonderful contrivance of all is the combined reaper and thresher, with which it is necessary only to drive across the wheat-field in order to obtain the wheat ready for transportation to the elevator.

The Man at the Wheel
By Morgan Robertson

WE WERE the only Americans in the forecastle; but he had been shanghaied, while I had shipped willingly. Yet though he had come aboard half drunk, he was the one man forward who had escaped friction with the mates while they were taking our measures on the first day out. This immunity was not due to his nationality, for I, sober from the start, had suffered woefully—a black eye from the first mate, a sore head from the second, and unkind words from the skipper being my share of their criticism.

Fuller was an able seaman of the first rank. Even while still reeling from the drink with him he displayed a knowledge of his work, a facility of anticipating happenings, and a readiness of judgment, speech and action that were almost instinctive. He gave the officers no excuse for faultfinding, and when he was himself he gave them reason for strong approval. Tall and straight, with broad, square shoulders and a phenomenal depth of chest—slow and deliberate in speech and manner until occasion arose, then quick as a panther—with a voice like a woman's in conversation, but vibrant and resonant as a chime whistle when calling down from aloft—with bronzed, clean-cut features and kindly eye hiding a latent sparkle—this man gave evidence of mental and physical power far above his needs as a sailor. He himself named his one great weakness—intemperance. He spoke but little in the watch below, and then, usually, as a peacemaker; for, until men become acquainted, a ship's crew is an inharmonious muster. Once, Tim, a bristly faced Liverpool Irishman, who had persistently persecuted the ordinary seaman Hans, planted his knuckles under Hans' ear for some small breach of forecastle etiquette. Fuller reached his long right arm out of an upper bunk, seized the Irishman by the collar and shook him until he gasped, then dropped him in a heap. Tim crawled into his bunk whispering and muttering, and Fuller sat up, his legs dangling over the bunk board.

"Now, I'll tell you fellows right here, once for all," he said, looking down on us, "you're going to let the Dutchman alone or answer to me." No one spoke. Fuller peered at us all, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and continued:

"Do I make myself plain? This is for all of you. With one exception there's not a whole sailor-man among you." (I hoped he meant me.) "You don't know your work on deck, you get hammered by the mates, and come growling and whining around the beef-kid. Did you ever think that if the mates had less to bother them, there'd be less billingsgate and belaying pin soup? Why don't you learn your work and get to be some use on deck?"

I ventured to suggest that the mates hammered us for the love of the sport, and that no amount of proficiency would save us.

"There's something in that, I know," he answered more mildly; "but in any case only the worst of you would catch it. Have you noticed that I haven't been struck or called out of my name yet? Well, I promise you that I won't. I know my work better than the mates know theirs."

I was silent.

"Another thing," he continued, and his voice gathered strength. "I've listened to the talk in this forecastle about the skipper's wife. Now, he's a brute, of course, a whiskey soaked brute—but she's a lady, and my countrywoman. Hear that? If I hear her spoken of again in anything but terms of the highest respect I'll send that man aft feet first [illegible]ment. I'm an American."

He [illegible]lled back, refilled his pipe and smoked silently. I, too, was an American—not long from a good home—and I own to a blush of shame that I had not protested at the forecastle discourse concerning the sweet faced, big eyed little woman who hovered near the after companionway and watched us as a kitten might a pack of dogs; but Fuller had anticipated me and I could only say, "I stand by that."

From this on, though he resumed his quiet manner, he dominated the forecastle so thoroughly that there was no further need of dictation. Hans enjoyed immunity from assault and the Captain's wife from gossip; we took turns at cleaning the forecastle and attending to the food, and before the trades were reached were on fairly good terms.

But, before this, another phase of Fuller's character was shown to us—he was an entertainer of exceptional ability. We were all impressed by his careful choice of words—we all knew that here was a man able to pass muster among refined people on shore; but not even I, fresh from the public schools, was prepared for the sort of talk which he gave us one watch inspired by the grog which the skipper had served out to all hands at the end of a hard reefing match. It began with Tim's comment on the "domfoolishness of a divvle he'd read about somewhere," who, having been cast away for years, returned to look into the window of his home and see his wife happy in another man's love and another man's children.

"He wuz no man," concluded Tim, "to jist look in the windy and sneak. An' he wuz no sailor-man, ayether. If I had a wife I wudden't lose her. Begob, no. But it's all made up; the felly jist wrote what wuz in his head. It never happened. It cudden't."

"Yes, Tim, it could happen. Tennyson knew what he was talking about when he wrote Enoch Arden. It has happened. I knew such a man."

"Ye did?"

"Yes, he was shipwrecked and came home years later. There was a man in his place, and a big new house built with money his father had left him and which the wife inherited, and there was a child born. But he didn't look into the window and go. He talked with the woman, and though she loved him more than the new man, he knew that she loved the child more than either, so rather than make trouble he cleared out without seeing the new man at all."

"And where'd he go," asked Tim wonderingly.

"To sea, of course."

Then followed a lecture on ancient and modern poetry.

But this kind of talk resulted disastrously to Fuller's theory of his immunity from abuse. The steward, a well meaning but unwise individual, was in the habit of visiting the forecastle for a smoke with the men before turning in for the night. On this evening he came in just in time to hear Fuller's discourse on poetry. So impressed was he by the wonder that he sang Fuller's praises at the cabin table next morning, to the end that the Captain, highly indignant at the discovery of such a forecastle lawyer among his men, forthwith made life a burden to Fuller, cursing and shouting at him whenever he came in sight. The Captain was a well-built, handsome young man, with a fair education and a reddening nose. Had he remained sober long enough to be guided by his natural sense, Fuller might have escaped his wrath; but he tippled continually. Once his wife protested, and there were sorrow and shame in her blue eyes.

"Please don't, George," she said to her husband. "He is doing his best." But he pushed her aside; whereupon she went below, crying.

Another happening lowered Fuller's stock still further. The two mates, "buckos" of the worst type, began shouting at one another in the darkness of a stormy night, each under

the impression that the other was an angry and insolent sailor. They met soon on the slanting deck, and though they must have known their mistake by this time, still they went at it, to the intense amusement of all of us, wrestling and striking until they rolled to the lee scuppers. It was Fuller who separated them; and he may or may not have earned the gratitude of Mr. Parker, the second mate—under dog in the fight—but he certainly aroused all the hatred that Mr. Oliver, the first officer, was able to feel. It was intensified by what Haus told him (we learned of Haus' and the steward's misdoing afterward). On fine nights he would call this slow witted young man aft to be wheedled and pumped of forecastle news, and Haus gave out Fuller's declaration in regard to his own enmity in a way which made him say that he knew more than did the mates. So, though there was bad blood between the first and second mate, the former and the skipper were thoroughly in accord in their opinion of Fuller, and often joined their extensive vocabularies in expressing it. Sometimes, as I noted the sparkle in Fuller's dark eyes, I feared the ending of this; but he held his temper wonderfully and silenced our sympathizing comment.

We had now caught the northeast trade, and about this time my viewpoint was changed from the forecastle to the lazarette. The cause of the transfer has nothing to do with this story, but is touched upon as explaining the somewhat unconventional frame of mind which makes this story possible. When you are flat on your back, with a second mate, bigger and stronger than yourself, kneeling on your chest, gripping your throat and hammering a belaying pin on your bare head until your reeling brain sees things of another world, you are apt to fall back upon your instincts, and, later, to feel an unregenerate sympathy for mutiny which you could acquire in no other way. I reached for my sheath knife. Shortly afterward dazed breathing hard and unrepentant, I was ironed in the half deck and entered in the official log for murderous assault on Mr. Parker, with good prospects of bread and water for the passage, and a long term in the penitentiary afterward. Mr. Oliver, the first mate, put the irons on my wrists, and I noticed a sympathizing leer showing in his evil face; but whatever of approval this may have indicated he carefully left out of his language.

Savage as I felt at the time, I remember philosophizing on the absurd nautical etiquette which required me to "sir" and "mister" this ignorant wretch. He was heavily built and bull necked. Quite different was Mr. Parker; he was younger, better educated and better favored, possessing a slippery, snaky kind of good looks, and an expression about the mouth which, in repose, was a sneer when he was excited, a malevolent grin, and when pleased or amused, a pleasant smile. My knife had barely pricked a rib, and he had smiled sweetly as I left the deck.

Having ironed me, the mate rove a long rope through the links of the shackles and, bringing the ends even, passed a clove hitch with both parts around a stanchion; then led the two ends forward out of my reach and hitched them to another. But he had left me six feet of rope between the first hitch and my shackles, and this was enough. After one night spent in the half deck, breathing bilge water fumes from the scupper holes, I loosened the hitch with my six feet of slack when night came down again, crawled through it and forward to the other stanchion, cleared away the ends coiled up my tether and then crept aft past the cabin trunk to the lazarette, where there were soft oakum and canvas to lie upon, and a hatch above for ventilation. It was about four feet square, and in fine weather was left open. I made this change nightly, returning at daylight to hitch myself to the stanchion.

About a week after my incarceration, while crawling along the starboard alleyway, I heard a sound through the thin bulkhead which brought me to a stop—the sound of a woman sobbing, and harsh profanity. I was abreast of the Captain's room just then, and I passed on to my nest in the lazarette cursing the brute and wishing that the Fates had made me a policeman instead of a sailor. Thinking on the hard lot of the poor little woman, I fell asleep, to be awakened shortly by voices on deck.

The ship was close hauled on the port tack, and out of the spanker over my head the wind hummed with a sound that would have deadened voices less forceful than those of Fuller and the mate. From where I lay I could just distinguish, faintly illumined by the binnacle light, the head of Fuller at the wheel, and the outline of Mr. Oliver's burly figure. He was stamping back and forth across the deck in front of the wheelman. It was the blackest night I had ever known in trade wind waters, and, but for the binnacle light and their voices, I should not have known them. The mate was speaking.

"I'll take the shine out o' you, you ——— sea preacher. Know yer work, do you? I've got a few tricks you don't know."

"What I said, Mr. Oliver," answered Fuller, firmly but respectfully, "was not boastingly, or in comparison with any one aft, but to induce the men to brace up and learn something."

"You lie, you snivelling soul saver. Don't gi' *me* no lip—don't you gi' *me* any lip, or I'll make you smell h—l right here." He halted before Fuller and raised his fist.

"Hold on, sir," said Fuller. "There's precedent established, aside from the law in the matter, against striking a man at the wheel. I'll have the best of it, sir."

"You will, hey?" Then followed an epithet and the mate struck Fuller in the face. He was bent back over the wheel-box by the force of the blow, but retained his hold on the spokes.

"There's little chance for a foremast hand in court, but I've got you foul, Mr. Oliver."

"Have, hey, you whining hound? Got any witnesses?"

Again the epithet; again the big fist launched out, and again Fuller sank back over the wheel box.

"Take care—take care! Don't hit me again," he said hoarsely as he straightened up. "You're right. There are no witnesses if I kill you. Take care, sir!"

"THERE'S PRECEDENT ESTABLISHED AGAINST STRIKING A MAN AT THE WHEEL"

The mate laughed contemptuously. Then—I did not see it was too dark—but I heard the sound of expectoration, and "that's all you're worth" from Mr. Oliver.

Fuller, with a harsh, throaty growl, dropped the wheel and sprang at the mate. They clinched, and as their tightly locked forms disappeared from my sight I stepped toward the hatch for a peep over the combings. Before I could raise my head, however, a heavy figure launched over the hatch; I felt the vibration of the lazarette flooring, followed quickly by the quiver of the hatch combing and the foundering thud of a body falling on the deck. One of them had been hurled through the air, head first, at the lee quarter-butt; but it was not Fuller, as I saw in a second. He was at the wheel grinding it up, coughing and snarling and rubbing his cheek and chin with his wrist. The ship had come up into the wind, and I heard faintly the long drawn hail of the lookout on forecastle deck: "All in the wind forrard, sir."

"All right—all right," answered Fuller, and there was a raspy note in his voice—intentional, or coming of his rage—particularly like the unpleasant voice of the mate.

When the sails were full and the ship steady he left the wheel, stepped quickly down to leeward out of my sight, and returned in a moment to his steering. I could not see the expression of his face, but I saw him hold his hand to his forehead as a man does with the headache, while he looked aloft at the royal, to windward and ahead.

"Dead," I heard him say. "O God, haven't I trouble enough? He deserved it; and they'd acquit him for my death, but hang me for his."

Three bells—half past nine—struck on the cabin clock. He rang the strokes on the small bell behind him, and it was repeated forward. In half an hour he would be relieved.

He stood there inactive for five minutes, while I watched with a dry tongue and throat, every nerve strained in expectancy; then, putting the wheel up a full turn, he dropped it, sprang quickly down past the hatch, and I heard the scraping of boot heels on the deck. I heard no splash—it was blowing too hard—but knew that he had given the mate the burial he had earned, and knew, too, that if no one else had seen or heard Fuller had saved himself for I, a brother slave in my country's ships, a convict elect—who had felt the clutch of authority at my throat and seen things of another world—would not have denounced him.

He waited ten minutes—until the mate's body must have been a mile astern—then putting his hands to his mouth sent a bellowing call forward: "Man overboard! *Man overboard!* Call all hands. Come aft here, some of you!"

There was confusion indescribable. The Captain came up tipsy and totally unequal to the situation. The men were excited and—judging by the few comments I heard—not overzealous to save their chief officer. The second mate alone was steady. Somehow, he managed to back the main-yards and get a quarter boat over; but it returned without Mr. Oliver.

I overheard Fuller explaining earnestly to the Captain and second mate that Mr. Oliver had climbed the taffrail to examine the chafed clewlashing of the spanker; that he had slipped, struck his head on the rail, and fallen overboard, when upon Fuller had immediately "sung out."

With Mr. Parker in the mate's place and the Captain—fairly sober now—standing watch, the ship ran down the northeast trade and into the doldrums, each day marked by the knocking down or clubbing of one or more of the crew. I knew this from the sounds I heard and from Hans who brought me my meals.

"I dink I will my knife stick in him too," he said one day. "Den I coom down here and do no work and be waited on, undt it? Yah!" One part of Hans' gossip was gratifying; Fuller in Mr. Parker's watch, now escaped a great deal of the Captain's ill-will and abuse, and from Mr. Parker himself received consideration, and even kindness. But the two officers were united in their tyranny over the rest of the crew and treated the men harsher than before the disappearance of Mr. Oliver. I ascribed it to the fact that with their force reduced by a third, they dared not abate one jot of their iron rule, fearing that the crew would take advantage of it; and that in Fuller's case, Mr. Parker, more practical than the Captain, knew that this man needed no coercion or terrorizing to keep him in order. Also, I considered the fight between the mates, when Fuller had aided him; but another conversation which I listened to one evening decided me that gratitude played no part in Mr. Parker's mind.

It was a fine night. Curiously enough, for the latitude, we had a gentle, fair wind which promised to be steady. I had crawled aft cautiously, and stretched out on my resting place just as four bells (ten o'clock) struck overhead. Fuller relieved the wheel, as I knew by the voice that repeated the course. Then I heard Mr. Parker's step.

"Why didn't you take the second mate's berth the old man offered you?" he asked; and as Fuller did not reply at once, I arose to my feet and approached the hatch. This promised to be interesting.

"I didn't want it, sir," he answered at last. "I am not competent, and am satisfied in the forecastle."

"Possibly you are, Mr. Fuller—now that your friend is over the side. I say 'Mr.' Fuller because I know a good man when I see him. Don't tell me you're not competent. I know better. You've walked the poop-deck for years."

Fuller did not reply.

"Now I've been your friend—you can't deny that—and I want you aft here."

"May I ask why, sir? It's safe enough to disrate an officer, but not safe to promote a foremast hand against his will and make him responsible. He could dismast the ship, plead incompetency, and the owners would get no insurance. Why do you want me aft against my will?"

"Take the berth and I'll tell you. It's a good thing for us both."

"No, sir, I prefer staying forward."

The officer paced the deck a few turns and halted.

"I want you aft," he said, "because I like a man of your calibre. You're one man in a thousand. The other nine hundred and ninety nine would have lost their heads the other night."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What do I mean? Fuller, what I didn't see I heard from the forward companionway, what I didn't hear I saw from the corner of the house. I heard the mate cursing you, I saw him fling across the deck, heard him land, saw you pitch him over, and heard you sing out. I give you credit for a cool head, but—I can hang you."

Fuller made no response.

"I could have raised a row at the time, Fuller, but I approved of the thing, and, as I said, I liked you. Now, I want you with me. Take the berth."

"Why?"

There was no "sir" added to the word, and Fuller's voice was hoarse.

"Well—just this. The skipper's got clean, green bills in his room to the tune of $30,000—no right to it—what his wife got from her first husband's estate. I wormed this out of the fool. He sold out everything and they mean to settle in 'Frisco. Now—do you want part of that money?"

"Shouldn't wonder. My right to it is as good as his."

"Of course. Now we're talking. You can have half."

"What's the plan?" asked Fuller with a kind of dry laugh in his voice.

"Dead easy. Send him after the mate. We can take the ship to 'Frisco."

"How about his wife?"

"Oh, that won't matter She'll be glad to be rid of him You leave that part to me

Fuller waited a little before speaking, then his words came with a businesslike distinctness

And in case I refuse to come aft as second mate, you will intend killing the skipper—you intend to denounce me for killing the mate?"

Well—yes—that's about the size of it I'll explain my delay by seeming frightened afraid of a like fate. It'll go in court

I'll think a little I don't want to hang. I've work to do in this world'

'All right. Think quick I want your answer next trick at the wheel. Here, have a drink'

He drew out a flask, but Fuller declined. "I've quit drinking forever," he said. "I've work to do."

The mate went forward and began pacing the half deck, as I could tell by the sound of his footsteps. From my position near the quarter butt I could only see the upper part of Fuller's tall figure, as he stood, holding his hand to his forehead as he had done once before. In the stillness of the tropic night I could hear plainly, not only the mate's footfalls, but Fuller's heavy breathing, the guttural snoring of the Captain in his berth, and the sound of light footsteps on the forward companionway stairs—then voices in the lee alleyway. Fuller stepped to the lee side of the wheel and holding it with one hand, bent his body nearly to a right angle as he looked forward

What do you mean, sir!" came in an indignant voice 'Mr. Parker, I forbid you. What are you thinking of? Do you want me to speak to my husband?"

"Why, no, little woman, of course not. What's the sense? Just one; no one can see."

There was a faint scuffle of feet on the deck, a stifled piaint that was half gasp, and a sound from Fuller's lips that I had never heard outside of a menagerie. He left the wheel, and I raised my head through the hatch; but he had disappeared in the alley. Then I heard a scream, a heavy stamping of feet, choking words of protest in the mate's voice, and the crashing of a heavy body on the deck

"Lay aft here the watch," came a roar in Fuller's vibrant voice. "Take the wheel one hand. I'm through One of you call the skipper

The shuffling of feet sounded on the deck as the men ran aft, and I lowered my head, but remained where I could watch. Before the men reached the platter Fuller appeared around the corner of the house, supporting the half unconscious woman

"Steady, little girl, he said, tenderly. "Steady—don't faint It's almost over

Oh, John," she wailed, "don't blame—don't blame me. I couldn't help it I came up for air—the fumes stifled me—and I didn't know—I didn't know——"

'Never mind, Alice; I don't blame you," he said, giving the wheel a spin with his free hand. "I never blamed you You've borne it nobly; and I hoped we could hold out, but—it ends this night if I kill him, too. Take the wheel here one of you," he added sternly to the group of men, "and call the skipper."

"What's the row?" asked Irish Tim, as he grasped the spokes. "Where's the mate, Fuller?"

Now came two or three men along the lee alley, and one of them answered Tim

Dead," he replied. "Dead as he can be. Fuller, yer done for

'Call the skipper

A man descended the after companionway, and not knowing where to look sang out loudly, waking first the steward in the forward cabin—who appeared later, the Captain

'What's the matter here?" asked that individual thickly, as he reached the deck. "Where's Mr. Parker?

Dead," answered Fuller, still supporting the Captain's wife Listen you," he yelled fiercely, "and you care for the wife that was given you?"

"What—why—what——" stuttered the dazed Captain, backing toward the companionway. "What—Alice!" he bawled suddenly his emotions crystallizing to anger. "What's this? Get away from that man. Go below, you——"

"Be careful, you hound; be careful," interrupted Fuller, advancing, while the men drew back, wondering. I had not scrupled to lift my head through the hatch, and had seen the steward disappear down the stairs. He returned at this juncture and handed a bright revolver to the Captain, who raised it unsteadily, scattering the men into the alleyways

'Lower that gun," said Fuller

'Who are you—to talk to me like this aboard my ship? This is mutiny. Go forrard. Who are you, anyway?" Armed as he was, it was plain that he was frightened

Lower that gun My neck's already in the halter'

The Captain lowered the pistol. There was terrible menace in Fuller's even voice and deliberate advance

My name?" he continued, as he stopped before the wavering Captain. "Ever hear it?'

He bent forward and whispered something, which I could not distinguish. Whatever it was, the effect on the Captain was astonishing "You alive!" he shouted. "Then you die again—that's all." He leveled the pistol and fired, but the bullet went clear. Before he could cock the pistol again, Fuller had seized his wrist and twisted it out of his hand. I believe that Fuller was at that moment a maniac with a maniac's strength He held the Captain by the collar, at arm's length, until he had lain the pistol on the house; then, with a few preliminary shakes and a sudden swing sideways, he jerked him off his feet. For a fraction of a second the Captain was nearly horizontal, face upward, in mid-air Then Fuller's right arm slipped under his back, and his left elbow pressed into his throat. In this position, choking and spluttering, the Captain was carried, like a doll in the arms of a child, behind the wheel-box, out of my sight. But in a moment I saw his legs, wide apart and bent at the knees, rise into view as he was launched feet first over the taffrail. A shriek began on his lips, but the water cut it short; and before this shriek sounded Fuller had regained the pistol

Forward with you all!" he roared as he vaulted to the top of the house. "Down off the poop, the lot of you' Muster at the main hatch and wait there. Steward," he called to the frightened man in the companionway, "assist this lady down below, and then take the wheel

DRAWN BY H. C. CHRISTY —FOLLOW ME WITH A SMALL HAND BAG

But the poor creature was already stumbling down the stairs and the steward was soon at the wheel

"Now," thundered Fuller, leveling his pistol at Jim 'go forward to the main hatch."

They had lost no time in obeying Fuller's command, and Jim followed. I also followed below the deck, weak and dizzy but feverish with curiosity. At the head of the booby-hatch steps I heard Fuller, at the break of the poop, order all hands called, and when their shuffling footsteps indicated their appearance, I listened to the address he made them:

Men," he said, in a steady voice, but with a ring and a snap to each word, "this ship needs a skipper and a mate but we won't elect them. There's not a man among you fit for it. So I appoint myself skipper and the man in the half deck mate. I'll take the ship to 'Frisco and deliver her to a tug. Now let me impress something on your minds You heard me tell the skipper that my neck was in the halter. It was my life or his, and I won. I killed the mate for insulting a lady—my countrywoman—and announced that reason; but I had another, which I announce to you though I do not feel called upon to explain—it was my life against his. Do you understand? I have killed no one without reason; but, give me reason and I will kill you all cheerfully. Understand? If a man of you enters the cabin, or affronts the lady who lives in it by word or look, I'll drop that man in his tracks. Such little things as disobedience of orders, or lack of respect to myself or the man I appoint mate, can be adjusted with a club, perhaps with fists Against this you will have watch and watch, full and plenty of grub and water, and civil words while you do your work Is this satisfactory, or is any one looking for trouble' Remember, my neck's in the halter.'

"It's all right, Fuller," began Tim, "we——"

"Hold on there," thundered Fuller "What did you say?"

"Cap'n Fuller, I mean, sorr. It's all right, sorr. I'm wid ye on this, an' I'll do as I'm told; an' it's a good man kin do that, sorr.'

"It's all right, sir—We'll stand by you, sir—Served 'em right—We'll back you up, sir," sang out others

"Very well. Is the carpenter on deck?

"Yes, sir," answered Chips

Take a file down the half deck and file off those shackles. No time to look for the keys Release the wheel so of you'

At this I chose to descend and hug my stanchion. The excited carpenter did not notice that I was not properly hitched, and I was soon on deck, being introduced to my shipmates as their officer. It was my first promotion, but I was not unduly elated

There was no trouble with the men Not once in the long passage around the Horn did Fuller need to raise his voice in anger or dictation.

Though he had pleaded incompetency for the berth of second mate, he proved himself a master navigator, sneaking the ship around the Horn from "fifty-o fifty" in two weeks, and as we sailed north in the Pacific, and the woman in his care recovered health and beauty and confidence, the latent sparkle in Fuller's eyes changed to a softer light

At the Farallone Islands, twenty-five miles west of the Golden Gate, we made fast a tug's tow line, and while some of us unbent the canvas, the rest under Fuller, hoisted over the biggest and best boat we carried—fitting her with spar and lug sail, ballasting her with two heavy trunks, and at least a month's supply of food and water Then Fuller called us around him thanked us and shook the hands of all formally handed the ship over to me, and assisted the smiling little woman down the side ladder, following with a small hand bag which I do not doubt contained the "clean, green bills" spoken of by Mr Parker. We cast off the painter, the boat dropped astern and Fuller hoisted the lug, then, as he pointed the boat's nose due west and crossed our wake, we gave him three cheers, which he answered with his hat and the woman with her handkerchief

We anchored the ship in San Francisco harbor Then, after some term and scandalized questioning by the authorities, we philosophically went to jail held as witnesses while revenue cutters and tugs searched the coast for a white ship's boat containing a man and woman At the end of six months' detention the men were released and I was tried, on my own admission and the evidence of the official log, for murderous assault on an officer, and given three months more; for a scape goat was needed, and they never found Fuller. He had disappeared into the vastness of the Pacific Ocean, but not to die—that I know, as I know the man

So, good by, John Fuller, or whoever you may be, and good luck to you wherever you may be. You were a good friend, a good shipmate and a brave seaman and navigator and you killed your enemies with the weapons you were born with, and reclaimed your wife like a man. But, under the law of your country—which denies to a sailor the right of self defense, and which you knew too well to brave—you are a mutineer, a pirate and a murderer. And this is the reason that I, who have gone down into the deep, dark valley and returned by the scratch of a sheath-knife, give this story to the world, fearing that they will catch you and hang you when I am not on hand to testify. Fare you well, Fuller

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"Mine Own People"

WHEN one remembers the excitement caused by the arrival in New York, not long ago, of a coffee ship with a crew which had been exposed to the bubonic plague, a peculiar interest attaches to the statements of a well-informed correspondent that there were 200 cases of the plague in Manila in January and February, and also that there were 100 lepers in the Manila hospitals, and that *beri-beri* a disease due to a diet of fish and rice, might be termed epidemic among the natives, while smallpox has attacked many of our own soldiers, notably the Thirty-sixth Regulars.

It is easy to imagine the turmoil in New York if these conditions were duplicated there; and yet New York and other cities have seemed to manifest more interest in the South African campaign than in the welfare of the 60,000 American soldiers in the Philippines. The diseases which have been specifically mentioned simply illustrate the extraordinary conditions which our men have been forced to face in tropical islands. Like the English soldiers in Africa, they have been carrying on a war—against far less worthy foemen, to be sure, but in other respects under more trying circumstances. When General Lawton was killed, the shock and the universal mourning awoke the public for an hour to a realization of the fact that we are waging an actual war in the Philippines, but very few have seriously considered the fact that the Philippine warfare has cost us nearly 4000 men, including dead and wounded

When the war with Spain was in progress the benevolence and splendid generosity of our people was shown in manifold ways. In the first flush of enthusiasm nothing was left undone that private charity could do. The long-drawn-out Philippine campaigning has become an old story, and English reports of English prowess in Africa furnish more novel and more exciting literature. The interest of the Anglo-Boer conflict has been utilized to appeal to our sympathies. There was the so-called American hospital ship, strangely called the Maine, equipped in a measure by Americans who have preferred life in England to life in their own country. There have been kermesses and concerts and the like in New York and elsewhere for the sake of the British soldier and his family; but what has been done in London for the American soldier in the Philippines and those dependent upon him, or, for that matter, what is being done at home?

It is said that there are widows of American officers in Manila who are almost penniless. At the death of an officer his pay stops, and if the widow succeeds in obtaining a pension, it is only after a long delay. There are many tales of sick and insane soldiers returning to San Francisco in destitution. Even from Cuba and Puerto Rico the transports frequently bring to New York soldiers who are in dire want There is no organization to care for them. One woman aided by a few others, has devoted herself to relieving their immediate necessities and securing transportation to their homes, but without her aid we might see invalid American soldiers begging in the streets of an American city where kermesses and concerts are being given for the benefit of the British soldiers in Africa

The English officer, in the majority of cases, has private means. The American officer, as a rule, is dependent upon his salary. Between the English and American private soldiers there is probably very little difference as regards means. England is supposed to be the richest country in the world It does not follow that our beneficence should be limited to our own country, but when 60,000 Americans are carrying on a war in the tropics, with casualties of various kinds numbering 4000, a situation is presented which may reasonably be expected to make a closer and juster appeal to our sympathies than an English war in Africa

It is not a question of the right or wrong of our Philippine policy, or the justice or injustice of English action in Africa The question is one of humanity. Americans are humane. More than this, they are singularly generous. But they are also forgetful. Philippine campaigning is an old story. It does no extraordinary battles and sieges, with heroic war correspondents cabling the exploits of hardly less heroic titled officers. The American officer has no title and he can expect no Victoria Cross. He simply does his duty and leads the way like the gallant gentleman that he is, and, if he falls, the bitterness of his fate is not from death in his country's service, but from the thought that those dependent upon him are left uncared for. Beyond the regular pay, the return of sick and wounded, and the burial of the dead, the Government can do little

The families of officers and men, and the penniless and invalid soldiers who are discharged in San Francisco and New York can no longer depend upon Government aid. The chance for organized assistance and supervision is obvious, and the need of aid imperative. Surely Americans will not expose themselves to the reproach that they have forgotten their own. —RIPLEY HITCHCOCK

It is always well to do for others—after you have done your duty by doing for your own.

Pessimism in the Midst of Plenty

TO THE general observer pessimism is growing in this country—a country yet too young to be afflicted with the disillusionizing sophistries of age. We are still within the period of youth and ideality and we should be hopeful and happy, not to say careless of consequences, as youth at its best fortunately is. Realism is not necessarily pessimism; the realistic may be optimistic if only we try to make it so. But we do not. Our so-called moulders of public opinion fall into the shadows although the sun still shines and the skies are blue above us. Authors write in their books of a tainted society; legislators and political speakers gravely hint at national decay; newspapers, our "million-folded multiples of thought," give us daily dishes of unsavory evidence of the dissemination of vice, the clergy preach the gospel of degeneracy; lecturers sow the seeds of doubt broadcast, and promiscuous writers rush into print with every conceivable suggestion of human retrogression. And how much of it all is imagination! Is there actual degeneracy and decay, or is it the result of our improved facilities of promulgating opinions which are not facts and are not warranted by the facts? There are thousands of means easily at hand for communicating complaints, and humankind, ever prone to complain, scatters abroad its doubts and distress of mind until they become epidemic. "A drop of ink may make a million think," and think unwisely

There is no denying that we are a complaining people; and why? There seems to be but one cause that completely covers the effect: We have in this land of plenty been fed so long and have fared so well that we have become dyspeptic, and we see the world through our worn and jaded stomachs rather than through hearts of hope and eyes in which the true light shines. In other words, instead of being in the midst of ills we are in the midst of too much good. We are pessimists of plenty because there is more good in the world than we know what to do with

Under such circumstances should we complain? Is it not the better part to brace up and cure our dyspepsia? We need exercise and sunshine and cheerful company. "Laugh and the world laughs with you" Man is better to-day than he ever was, and it is our duty not only to know a good thing when we see it, but to realize its excellence and to apply it to our daily thinking. If we think well, we shall speak well and act well, and between that and Heaven the step is short indeed —WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

Of course there may be a limit to the good times, but then we should remember that another United States Senatorial election is soon to take place in Montana.

Poetry and Poverty

IS THERE not something very melancholy in the connection which has existed so long—almost from the creation of man—between "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," poetry and poverty? Is it not sad to think the practitioners of this divine art which, as Bacon so finely says, "doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind"—which does more than wine was ever said to do to brighten man's countenance and gladden his heart, which gives him wings and lifts him out of the dust and noise and fret of Earth—should be so generally steeped in penury? Is it not hard enough that, aside from this source of misery, the bards who cheer our pilgrimage by their songs are by their very natures more sensitive than other men to the pricks and stings which all mortals must encounter—that

"The hearts that are soonest awake to the flowers
Are always the first to be pierced by the thorns?"

It is true a few songsters—Pope, Tennyson, Whittier and others—have won an independence by their lyres, but they are exceptions to an almost universal rule. To go back to the earliest bards—Homer, the blind old man of Scio, wandered, singing for his bread, from place to place; Dante, driven from his home, had but few dainties; the author of The Faerie Queene was burnt out in winter and lost his spencer; Dryden, though he toadied to lords and burned incense to Charles II, passed his last days in little better than a dry den; Gay, involved in debt, often lacked gayety Goldsmith was often on the watch for the means of subsistence, and his jewels were in his writings only; Burns was as impassioned and as poor, too, as the northern scalds; Scott earned piles of money, yet could not pay his scot, at last; the author of The Excursion never got his words' worth; Hunt, coveting ease and tranquillity, was often tempest tossed if not wrecked on a lee shore; Moore, but for his pension, might have been exiled to some desolate moor. Even Tom Hood, with all his varied talents, failed to earn a comfortable livelihood, though his friends turned a lively Hood after his death. Even our own popular Longfellow was "short" in early life, or he would not have accepted the paltry sums paid him for some of his poetic gems.

The golden age of poets, in which they are to be blessed with plenty of *aurum potabile*—gold that makes the pot boil—is still in the far future. Yet it is well, many will think, for the world, though not for the bard, that it is so Genius must feel intensely before it can make others feel even superficially. The great bards are

"Cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

The songs of those who have never suffered are apt to be works of pure imagination, or rather of pure phantasy, not the utterances of a deliciously overburdened soul speaking to our souls. The goldfinch sings the more sweetly, it is said, with the hot needle in its eye; and the hearts of most men of genius are like the maple-tree, which must be pierced before it will yield its honeyed treasures—like flowers that must be crushed before they will give forth all their sweetness. Had Burns, Byron and Shelley been happy men we should not to-day be banqueting on their "nectared sweets"; for "the fullness of content leaves no room for the sweet and bitter fancies of an imagination that finds its hippocrene in the fount of sorrow, whose source is in the heart, and which can flow only when touched by the wand of Care."
—WILLIAM MATHEWS

Summer resorts are not to be judged by the adjectives they use.

The Ways of Candidates

ONE good thing about the Presidential situation this year is the candor of the two men who will in all human probability be nominated as the standard-bearers of the great parties. There is some doubt as to the Vice-Presidential selections, but every one feels that President McKinley and Colonel Bryan will both be renominated, and that both not only expect this honor, but that they are doing all they possibly can to bring it about. It is usually this way. When a man is reasonably close to a big thing he is ready to fight for it and to admit that he is after it, but when there is a certain distance he stands off and proclaims his own indifference until he often convinces his hearers, as Hamlet's mother convinced her son, by protesting too much

There was a time when Major McKinley arose in a great convention hall and, with the utmost vigor and sincerity, demanded that no votes be given to him for the Presidential nomination. The same thing occurred with Garfield, except that in Garfield's case the convention which he addressed ignored his objections and made him President of the United States. We all remember the case of Horatio Seymour, who exclaimed to the Democratic convention, "Gentlemen, your candidate I cannot be," but who nevertheless became the nominee

When it comes to the pinch there is no man big enough to turn down the chance of becoming President of the United States

In their preliminary denials, however, we may trace their ambitions. In a speech the other day in New York City Governor Theodore Roosevelt said: "I have done my duty and need no reward. My ambition is not national and will not be." We can easily wish that Roosevelt, whom so many of us admire, had not said this, and yet we must pardon him for it, because it is a part of the great game of politics. The old philosopher said that "by denial we reach great things." In politics it is by denying that some of our best men reach the highest offices. It shows, indeed, how we have changed with civilization. The word candidate is from the Latin *candidatus*. Literally it means white-robed, and it was thus called because in Rome those who sought office wore a glittering white toga. Fancy, if you can, all our modern Americans dressed in accordance with their political ambitions. In some sections there would be no such thing as a dark suit of clothes; Washington would simply be one shining centre of universal whiteness

Undoubtedly the modern plan is the better. It is much more comfortable for a man to say that he is in the hands of his friends, even though the hands of his friends may be in his own pockets, than for him to advertise himself to the community as a seeker for place.

In this land, however, almost all who can read and write are born to politics, and have the confidence that they can fill any place that may be opened to them. In fact, one of our worst habits is politics. Perhaps we shall eventually get away from the general appetite for office, and elevate our politics to where we may say with Edmund Burke, "The principles of true politics are those of morality enlarged." In the meanwhile our candidates will have their little ways Disraeli, who was in many respects the greatest politician of the century, declared, "There is no gambling like politics." And so in the names we draw in the lottery of elections we may hope to find some prize. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

Americans *in* Paris

ELEVEN years ago thirty-two million visitors came up to Paris to see the sights. Now, in this year which is to sum up the century, sixty million guests are expected. If the war in South Africa is not unduly prolonged, this estimate, it would seem, is not greatly exaggerated. There are certain men whose business it is to calculate the probabilities of international traffic. One and all, they are agreed upon these figures, startling as they are. At the Paris offices of the transatlantic lines I was told that arrangements have been made for transporting one million good Americans. In 1889 they carried six hundred thousand passengers. The reports from America—the unexampled prosperity of the last year—the strong attractions of the Exposition—all these have led the expert students of probabilities to expect at least one million guests. By one ticket agent I was told that his company were equipping even their freight steamers for passenger boats. Another New York company has already filled three-fourths of its steamers for the entire duration of the Exposition. The largest of all the transatlantic companies has sold out every inch of accommodation for the return voyages during September, October and November.

Need I assure you that France will warmly welcome this golden million of Americans? Were each American visitor to spend only one hundred dollars in Paris—and very few will come off so cheaply—still the good hotel keepers, merchants and dealers of all sorts would come in for one hundred millions of American money. Even if their profits be only ten or fifteen per cent. they will have cause for sound rejoicing.

Silver Cups for Tiny Racers

Thirty-three American boats have arrived in Paris. They are not very large, for they are only models, but they represent all that the United States has yet done in the way of claiming her heritage in the deep seas. Among them are full-rigged half models of the Puritan, the Mayflower, the Volunteer, the Vigilant, the Defender and all the other fast racing yachts that showed their heels to England's best. There are models also of Yankee fishing-smacks, whaleback steamers, New York tugs, ferry boats, railroad floats and ice yachts. The ships will be set afloat in an ocean of sea-green burlap, with all sails set and pennons flying. But the small American boy who lives in Paris—and there are hundreds of him—is looking forward to something more exciting. During July and August he and the other small boys of the world are to hold, each Thursday and Saturday afternoon, a regatta on the artificial lake of the Bois. There they will sail their toy yachts—send them out, trusting to wind and wave, to hull and canvas, for the honor of the flag. The prizes will be insignificant, but any small American boy who has a fast toy yacht, less than five feet over all, should bring her with him to battle for American prestige against the "cracks" of the French and English boys. Small as the silver cup is, it should be a matter of national pride to take it home.

New York Schoolrooms at the Exposition

When one has a good thing it is just as well not to talk too much about it. Now, however, that the Exposition has opened its gates it may not be out of the way to disclose Mr. Edison's secret.

The beginning of it all was this: Mr. Howard J. Rogers, the director of the Education and Social Economy Exhibits, wanted something new. Heretofore educational exhibits have been rather dull affairs, except, of course, to the student of pedagogy. They have consisted of charts and photographs, instruments, statistics and all that. Mr. Rogers is a man of modern ideas. He went to Mr. Edison and said: "Can't you get me up a series of cinematograph pictures of school life in New York City?"

"Of course I can," the Wizard replied.

"Well, keep it quiet," said Mr. Rogers; "I don't want to have every one else doing the same thing."

"Oh, the next century will be time enough for Germany and England to take up the idea," Mr. Edison said; and so they kept it quiet.

Mr. Rogers has selected a hall on the right bank of the Seine near the Palace of Political Economy. Here, a half-dozen times a day, the moving pictures will be exposed—small children will study and play, go through their fire-drills and flag-drills and gymnastic exercises; live, in a word, the daily life of lessons and play. The pictures have been made in various schools, some uptown and others in the poorer quarters, so that in a broad way the life of all New York will be illustrated for the curious visitor from Cochin China or Tasmania.

The Military Exhibit of the Transvaal

Thousands of visitors to the Exposition will go first to the little pavilion of the Transvaal, which stands in the gardens of the Trocadero. The exhibits will not be so complete as they were meant to be, for reasons that need no emphasis, but they will show in a striking manner the national and industrial life of the two republics. In the pavilion itself I saw only plans, maps, books—illustrating the laws and government of the Transvaal, its railway, postal and telegraphic service—and a large number of Kaffir curiosities. But a little behind the building is the Boer house, a one-storied building with five rooms. Rough chairs and tables, homely beds, plain rugs, make up the simple furniture.

"The most of our farmers have few articles of luxury," said Mr. Pierson, the South African Commissioner-General, who was with me, "but almost every one has a harmonium—usually one of the American instruments—which they use during family worship. And always you will see on the centre-table the old *Staten Bybel*, brought from Holland in the long ago."

Near the farm is the entrance to a mine-gallery, which runs out far under the Avenue de Trocadero to the Rue du Magdebourg, where there is a stamp mill of the Transvaal kind. There are eight hundred tons of gold quartz in the mine, and the entire process of digging, crushing, amalgamating and casting the gold will be shown day by day.

"Another thing," said Mr. Pierson, "is that the Transvaal is the only nation that will not send a military exhibit to the Exposition. It hardly seemed necessary," he added quietly, "we have shown the world what we can do—what we can't do."

The Curious History of The Angelus

The most famous of modern pictures, The Angelus, after touring America like a prima donna, has been bought back into France for 700,000 francs—a tidy bit of money in any language.

The history of this picture is more than interesting; it is an ironic tragedy. In the first place, The Angelus is not Millet, or, at least, very little of it is his work. As a painting it was never more than mediocre. Millet was not above painting pot-boilers, and The Angelus was one of these hurried and scamped productions. Whether the artist, in his poverty, used cheap paints, or whether the picture was badly varnished by heedless amateurs, I do not know, but it began to crack and scale before it had a fair chance of being known. At this period, The Angelus was all Millet, and no one dreamed of calling it a masterpiece; no one ever imagined that it would be looked upon as a symbol of France and would tour the world like a prima donna. Little by little it began to peel. Flakes fell off here and there. In a word, it underwent the slow, painful process of a boy recovering from scarlet fever. The dealer who owned the picture at that time called in his expert workmen, and as fast as a flake fell off they painted in the blank space. (By the way, two of these repairers are now artists who have attained success; their names need not be mentioned.) In the meantime, Millet died. The Angelus was exhibited in Paris. Critics and poets began to see that it was the symbol of France—the symbol of the eternal peasant with the empty hands. And month by month the picture became less a Millet, and in exact proportion its fame spread in the world. Always little patches of paint kept pulling up, cracking, dropping off, and always the workmen replaced the falling pieces, until there was hardly a brush mark of Millet's left on the canvas—nothing except the signature and a little of the monotonous sky across which comes the sound of the far-off bells. Then, at last, The Angelus entered definitely upon its career of glory, touring America.

The grim irony of it is that Millet will always be famous for a picture which is not his—save the signature and a hand's breadth of sky. It's an old story on earth. We do not often praise in a man what is praiseworthy, and occasionally we praise him for another man's best. What nine people in ten admire in Shakespeare is Colley Cibber—the retouching of some actor or manager. And all of us love Doctor Johnson for the things Boswell said for him. It's the way of the world, but I wonder what Millet would have thought of this Angelus which is not his.

In Memory of the Old Alliance

As they grow more practical, sage and reasonable, there is a tendency in nations, as in men, to neglect the prettier sentimental duties. One cannot make too much of international courtesies like the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty. The other day Mr. Robert Thompson brought over to Paris the first of the Lafayette dollars, which in the name of President McKinley he presented to the President of France. The ceremony was very simple. Mr. Thompson, who was accompanied by General Horace Porter, made a short address. He spoke of the statue of Lafayette, which is the gift of the young people of America to France in memory of the old alliance. And he added: "I trust this coin, which bears the effigies of Washington and Lafayette, may be always the symbol of the friendship which unites the two greatest republics on earth."

And when President Loubet had echoed the wish the little ceremony was at an end, save for the inevitable breakfast. Perhaps by way of prompt requital for the Lafayette statue, the city authorities of Paris have granted a site to the American National Institute. As you know, this is to be an institution corresponding to the French Prix de Rome. Although the officials at Washington will have the last word in the matter, it is probable that the site chosen will be in the fashionable square named in honor of the United States, and that the building will be a duplicate of our pavilion at the Exposition.

—VANCE T[illegible]

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

A correspondent states that "the day of sympathetic employers is long past." I will not dispute the statement, generally speaking, but there are exceptions, and I do want to say that I believe that employers will in time come to see that a sympathetic interest in their employees, a regard for their physical comfort while on duty or a word of appreciation where due, will be to them a valuable business asset. The character of the service in an office or store depends not only upon the discipline, but upon the zeal and energy shown by the employees. My observation and experience has been that if you take an interest in the welfare of your employees they will take an interest in you and your business.

It will be found that the number of mere time-servers and eye-servants will be decreased very materially where such a policy is pursued, and more and better work will be the result. Nearly all the many good articles on the subject of success point out to the employee his duty and the qualities necessary to secure advancement, but they overlook the fact that, even if the employer does not owe his clerk more than his mere wage, a little friendly interest shown in some way might be a very profitable investment.

Some young men, I am willing to admit, cannot stand praise or prosperity, but I believe if more of them were placed upon their honor the majority would not prove themselves unworthy. Is it not worth a trial?

A. H. GOLDSMITH

Floral Park, New York.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. C. M. Skinner in The Growing Appreciation of American Art says: "Homer Martin, who died recently, never received more than one hundred and fifty dollars for a canvas, it is said, and had difficulty in selling his pictures at any price."

Both of these statements are very wide of the mark. From very early in the sixties, when we were married, my husband used to ask and obtain from $200 to $250 for canvases of the size he preferred to paint: 18 x 30 inches. Before that decade was over he exchanged a larger canvas, the most important he had yet painted, with Mr. [illegible] E. Dodge for an 18 x 30, for which the latter had paid that [illegible] $500 to boot. He afterward resold the smaller landscape to the late Mr. Charles Elliott, portrait painter, for the sum originally paid for it by Mr. Dodge.

I remember his saying that Mr. John Roebling, who had ordered one at a fixed price of $450, was the only man who ever gave him more than he had asked, sending his check for $500 when the picture was delivered.

That his pictures did not bring greater prices was partly due to the [illegible] Mr. [illegible] to the kindred fact that he could only paint when the painting mood came on. When it did he could paint all day long, he could forget all minor miseries when the great mainspring of his inner life, the artistic impulse was seconded by the artistic power which was a thing not at all under his control.

"I do not know where it comes from," he once said to me, "I only know that when it comes nothing else in the world is of any importance to me. And when it [illegible] it will never come back."

His pictures grew steadily greater as his life neared its end. When he was at work at the great Adirondack picture of the Clarke sale—for which that gentleman received just sixteen times what he gave for it—I said to him: "If you never paint another stroke you will go out in a blaze of glory with this set." The set included, besides this one, the Seine view now in the Metropolitan Museum, and a small one for which Mr. W. T. Evans sent my husband $250, which came on the Saturday before his death and paid his funeral expenses. I was glad to see that Mr. Evans had been generously repaid for his kindness at his late sale. But to go back to The Adirondacks, which I was looking at when I made my remark to my husband. He was then totally blind in one eye, the optic nerve of which was dead, while the other one was clouded with a cataract.

"Yes," he answered me, "I think I have learned to paint at last. If I were stone blind now, and knew just where the colors were on my palette, I think I could paint some of the things I have wanted to paint."

The pictures were as good in his lifetime as they are now, but they had not the commercial *cachet*; they had not passed out of his hands into those of dealers. He held, for instance, The Westchester Hills, which I sold to Mr. Evans last year for $1000, and which is now going to Paris as an admirable specimen of his later work; he held that, I say, for eight or nine years without ever getting an offer for it. So with The Sun Worshipers, which I sold lately to Mr. Louis Marshall, of New York, for $2000, that being the second offer ever made for it, though it was painted several years ago.

ELIZABETH G. MARTIN

Wilmington, Delaware

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The expression of H. C. Kegley, in your March 3d number, on Machine-Made Charity reiterates the "true truth" in a wise, sincere and convincing language. The rarity of such writers in this age of sightless observation is to be grievously and deeply lamented, but for the few brave pens we are soulfully grateful.

Machinery indeed complicates, artificializes and makes abortive the end-workings of Love by reason of that professional taint which strips the genuine overflow of crystal charity. The humbler methods as exemplified by our Master, withdraw us from the bondage of institutional hypocrisy and place the one-man power in preeminence by assigning to the individual his duty in walk and conversation. It is the old story of the barbarian and missionary. "Be as good as your Book and we will follow you."

Superlative common-sense demands that we should cater to the intelligence of our fellows if we would secure those unbidden acknowledgments which mark the beginnings of a nobler and more fruitful life. Private ministries, especially when they are guided by an eliciting fellowship, are the most successful means of winning honest hearts to the centre of all loves and hopes. To this end our New England seer uttered his wisdom and left us an injunction for future teaching: "Be not simply good, be good for something."

Detroit, Michigan.

JOSEPH [illegible]

With the Big Show

From the Notes of W.C. Coup — Edited by Forrest Crissey

SHOWS thrive best on bluster and buncombe. Years of experience have taught me that the traveling show business handled by capitalists who have been trained in other lines of enterprise can never succeed. I have often been reproved by business men who were astounded at the lavish and apparently wasteful expenditures of the circus for "show and blow," and who have insisted that these expenses should be cut in half. It is true that such reckless expenditures in any ordinary commercial undertaking would be disastrous, but it is the life of a big show. When it is possible to thoroughly arouse the curiosity of the public, expense should be a secondary consideration.

The Fifty-Cent Rivals of the $10,000 Hippos

I recall an incident, however, which goes to show that the most expensive attractions do not necessarily prove the greatest drawing cards. Among the rare animals which I had one season were some Memiponias, or tiny deerlets — "hell benders," as they were commonly called. One of the opposition shows was making a great feature of a pair of hippopotami, or river horses, from the Nile. I had made arrangements to receive, at stated intervals, regular numbers of "hell benders," and I would wire my agents ahead, "Another living hell bender arrived to-day." This he would advertise with great gusto, getting out special bills and keeping up the excitement.

One day, while one of my agents, who happened to be back with the show, was sitting in my office, a bill to the amount of six dollars was presented for "One dozen hell benders." Seeing this he inquired what it meant.

"Don't you see?" said I. "'One dozen hell benders, six dollars.'"

"Do you mean to say," my agent exclaimed, "that I have been advertising fifty-cent hell benders?"

"You have," I laughingly replied.

"Well," said he, "if that doesn't beat the deuce! These fifty-cent hell benders have knocked $10,000 worth of hippos higher than a kite!" It certainly was a fact that our fifty cent articles had been so judiciously advertised as to create more excitement than the costly "hippos" of the opposition.

In the course of the same season I made a discovery which proved to be a valuable drawing card. I owned some young elephants which I had lent to a showman on the Bowery. On going to see them one day I noticed a man holding his finger in the mouth of one of the smaller ones. I placed my finger in the mouth of another and found that the creatures seemed to derive pleasure from the action of sucking. Immediately I sent out for an ordinary infant's nursing bottle. The young elephant drained the bottle as if to the manner born. It was passed from one to another of the infant class. Finally they fought in the most indescribably comical manner for possession of the bottle.

A Skillful Appeal to Public Sympathy

Then I fitted a large glass jar, holding a gallon, with rubber tubes, so that all could use it at the same time. Invariably they would empty this bottle before loosening their hold on the nipples. They had doubtless been taken from their mother when too young, or perhaps she had been killed at the time the young were captured. So effectively did they appeal to public interest and sentiment that by dint of skillful advertising the celebrated "sucking baby elephants" made quite a fortune in a single season. They would be led into the ring, where they would take their nourishment like human babies, their overgrown size making this infantile operation very comical and absurd. The sight captivated the heart of every woman who attended the show.

The eagerness of circus proprietors to procure animal monstrosities for exhibition purposes has called forth many laughable communications from persons who have had curiosities of this kind to sell. I remember going one morning into the office and reading a telegram which came to Mr. Barnum. It was as follows:

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

"TO P. T. BARNUM: I have a four legged chicken. *Come quick.*"

The circus of the present day is not complete without the side shows and the after concerts. For my own part I can honestly say that I never in my life heard a concert announcement made in my own show without feeling like getting up and leaving in disgust, but all classes of show goers must be pleased, and there is one class which demands the concert and another class that wants the side shows.

By this observation I am reminded of an incident which probably marked the origin of giving the concert in the main tent, immediately after the big show. It seems that some ruffians in Arkansas broke into the side tent of a certain show, and tearing it down, threw it into the river. This was quite a serious loss to the proprietor, who at first thought he would have to dispense with the concert. On further thought, however, he entered the ring and explained the situation to his audience, telling the latter he would give an extra entertainment in the big tent, where all might have comfortable seats. The audience was delighted with this new arrangement, as the side tent had no seats. The proprietor of this show has long since passed away, but if he were alive now I think many an audience would be disposed to lynch him as the originator of one of the most obnoxious features of the circus.

A Silent Parade from Albany to the State Line

I am glad to know that the circus man who speaks of his patrons as "gillies," and who endeavors to obtain his wealth by fair or foul means, is becoming more and more rare. I recall an illiterate circus man of this description who employed every "privilege" known to the circus world. For example: when traveling by wagon the whole caravan would pass through a toll gate, stating that the "boss" was behind and would pay the toll. The last vehicle to go through would contain this dignitary and his treasurer, who, when confronted with the long list of vehicles on which he ought to pay toll, would declare that the toll keeper had been imposed upon, and that half of those vehicles belonged to a gang of gypsies having no connection whatever with the show. He would then cut the bill down according to the easy or hard nature of the custodian of the toll-gate, and in this manner evade payment of what, in a whole season, would aggregate a large sum of money.

On one occasion, when about to exhibit in Albany, and knowing that his whole outfit would that day be attached for debt, he ordered the parade to start early, as he intended to give them a "long ride." The procession accordingly started on what has passed into circus history as the "silent parade," for, leaving the city in all the glory of spangle and tinsel, the showmen never rested until they had reached the State line, while the sheriffs, waiting at the tents in Albany for the parade to return, had the poor satisfaction of attaching the almost worn-out and quite worthless canvas.

I have often been asked what it costs to start a circus and menagerie. This is a most difficult question to answer, since it depends entirely upon the size and pretensions of the enterprise in question. Shows vary in size from cheap affairs, capable of being carried in three railroad cars, to the elaborate institutions which require two long special trains for their transportation. The expense of running a large show is enormous, although in advertising this expense is usually exaggerated. There are a great many traveling tented exhibitions which "bill," or advertise, like a circus, and in the eyes of the general public pass for circuses, but which, in reality, are variety exhibitions given under canvas.

The Fluctuating Level of Circus Values

In the eye of the law a circus must have feats of horsemanship in its program, and such shows have to pay a "circus" license, which in some States and cities is very high. However, the shows do not give any riding, their performance simply consisting of leaping, tumbling and athletic feats, then a license may be taken out at a greatly reduced price; and this accounts for the almost numberless small shows which annually tour the country. Of the circus and menagerie show proper I do not think there are more than twenty in America; but of tented exhibitions, billed as "railroad shows," there are several hundred. The tented exhibitions employ from fifty to six hundred men each, and the capital invested in them runs from $5000 to $250,000.

Many of the smaller shows are fitted out economically by purchasing from the larger ones paraphernalia that has been used a season or two. For example, the canvases used an entire season by a large show may be purchased cheaply, because it is essential to the attractiveness of a really great amusement institution to have each season a new, white "spread." The old canvas, if not sold to the smaller showmen, is disposed of to the paper manufacturers at about one and one half cents the pound.

The same rule of enforced replenishment applies to wardrobe and general paraphernalia. In this way a beginner in the circus business may, by judicious investment in second hand bargains, start out with a very fair outfit secured at a much smaller cost than if he were compelled to purchase everything new. And, in this connection, let me say that I know of no other business enterprise in which new material costs so much and when sold at second-hand realizes so little. One of the largest shows ever organized in this country, and which was reputed to be worth more than half a million dollars, was inventoried on the death of one of the proprietors, with a view to selling the estate of the deceased, and, to the great surprise of the executors, was found to reach in value only about $200,000.

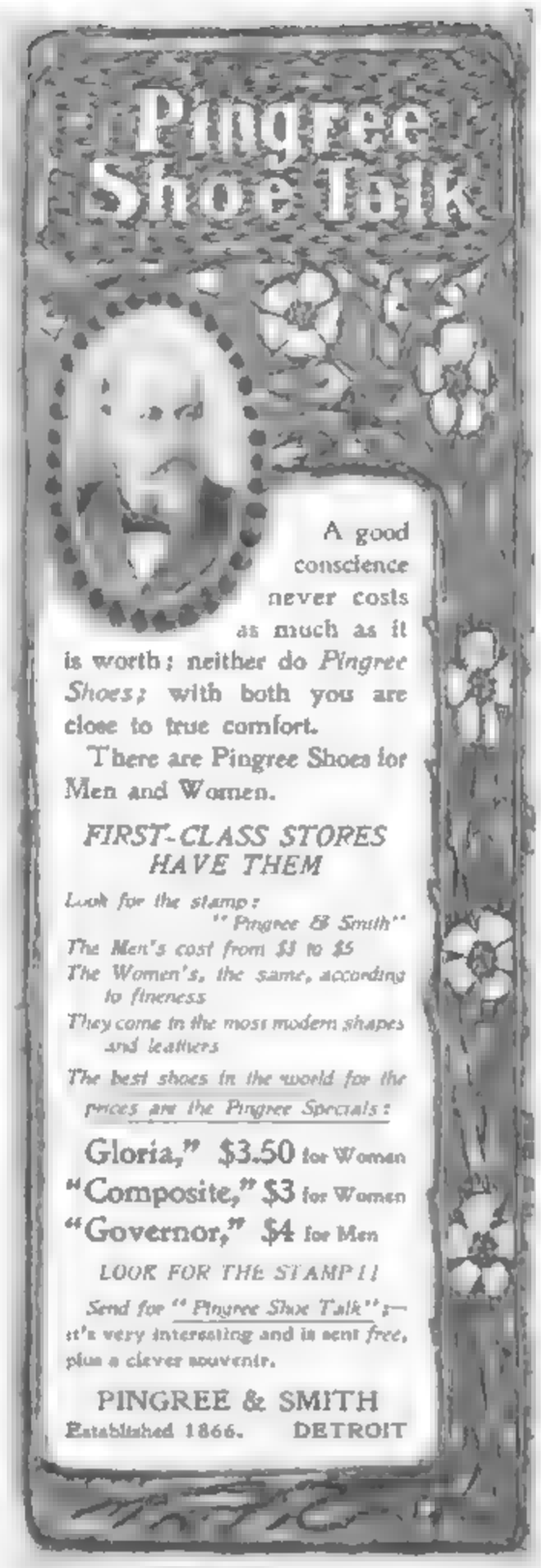
Twenty years ago a show with a daily expenditure of $250 was thought extravagant, while fifty years ago a circus whose receipts averaged sixty dollars a day was considered to be doing a good business. To-day there is one show the expenses of which are undoubtedly more than $3500 a day, although it is surprising what wonderful displays are made by others at a cost of less than $1000 a day. The reason for this is that, above a certain amount, the expenses depend largely upon the amount of advertising done. It is amusing, however, to note the manner in which all of them, big and little, claim to be the largest and most expensive attractions in the country. Many smaller showmen use the same billing matter as the largest ones, and scores of lines can be read in the circus advertisements of to-day that have done duty for many years.

What it Costs to Ride with the Band Wagon

It is almost impossible to give an intelligent idea of the cost of wild animals, since this depends entirely upon the operation of the law of supply and demand. The cost of cages varies, of course, according to size and decorations, and the same observation applies to the railroad cars. The most expensive of the latter are the highly ornamental cars used for advance advertising. These are comfortably, and even elaborately, fitted, and are provided with a huge paste boiler and other conveniences. They cost anywhere from $3000 to $7000. The flat and stock cars used by circuses are much more substantially constructed than the ordinary ones used in the railroad freight business, and are considerably larger, most of them being sixty feet in length and fitted with springs similar to those of passenger coaches. Cars of this description cost from $500 to $800 each; passenger coaches from $1500 upward, according to the quality of interior, fittings and decorations.

Some circus proprietors also have their own private cars, fitted with every imaginable convenience and luxury, and such a car costs high in the thousands. The expense of the wardrobe depends, of course, on the amount used and its quality, and whether the costumes are intended for a spectacular show or for an ordinary circus. The wardrobe and papier mâché chariots used in the production of our "Congress of Nations" cost Mr. Barnum and myself more than $40,000, and I am told that Mr. Bailey expended a like amount on his "Columbian" display.

The price of the canvas has been wonderfully reduced within the last few years. We paid $10,000 for our first hippodrome tent alone, and this did not include dressing-room tents, horse tents and camp tents. Afterward, however, we had a larger one made for very much less money. The small circuses that hover around Chicago and the larger cities of the West in summer usually use a tent about eighty feet across, with two thirty-foot middle pieces. This, equipped with poles, seats and lights, costs about $800.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These tents are made of light material. The larger canvases have to be made of stouter stuff, and a tent suitable for hippodrome or spectacular shows, which must be about 225 feet in width and 425 or 450 feet in length, would cost about $7000

Requirements and Cost of the Circus Horse

As an evidence of how circuses have increased in size, I will say that the seventy-[illegible] quarter poles which hold up the main tent of the Barnum and Bailey shows are each larger than the *main* pole used years ago. The present system of lighting, which, by the way, I was the first to use, is the patent of an Englishman, improved by an American named Gale. It first took the place of kerosene lights, so far as circus illumination is concerned, in 1870. In experimenting with these lights, when I first introduced them, I several times met with accidents which threatened to terminate my career. Once I purchased an electric light plant with the intention of doing away with all gasoline illumination, but was compelled to abandon the attempt after expending $8000 for a portable electric plant

The item of tent stakes is quite a formidable one. Fitted with iron rings, they cost about fifty cents each, and hundreds of them are required by every circus. Harnesses require an outlay of from ten to twenty-five dollars each, according to decoration and material

The draught horses used by circuses vary in price, some of them being purchased cheap from horse markets; but I have always found that the best I could get were the most economical. Those bought by me averaged $200 each; the usual circus horse, however, costs much less, and so long as it does its work all right the main purpose is answered, for, in passing through the streets, its faults do not attract the attention of the ordinary observer, but only that of the typical horseman. Ring horses, whether for a "pad" or a "bare back" act, must have a regular gait, as without it the rider is liable to be thrown. They are frequently and generally owned by the performers themselves, and I have known a crack rider to pay as high as $2000 for one whose gait exactly suited him. The performing "trakene" stallions brought from Germany by Mr. Barnum cost $10,000, and my first troupe of educated horses, ten in number, were purchased at the same figure. These, however, were unquestionably the best and most valuable ever seen in a circus

A Page from the Invoice Book of the Big Show

Though it would be comparatively easy to start a circus and menagerie equipped almost entirely with second hand paraphernalia, the reader will see from the following figures that the cost of starting a new first-class circus and menagerie is another proposition. Here are a few official figures on the cost of a first class circus and menagerie which have never before been made public. They are taken from my private record, or invoice book

[illegible] at $[illegible]	$[illegible]
2 [illegible] wagons at $1500 each	[illegible]
[illegible] chariots at $1000 each	[illegible]
[illegible] be wagon	800.00
1 Ticket wagon	[illegible]
The above for the parade	
Animals to fill these cages will average about	
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	2,000.00
[illegible]	400.00
[illegible] York	150.00
[illegible] House	500.00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
As small elephants have been delivered here for $1000 each, this is probably a fair average	
1 Hippopotamus	5,000.00
1 Rhinoceros	5,000.00
2 Cages of monkeys	1,000.00
1 Kangaroo	300.00
1 Cassowary	300.00
1 Ostrich	900.00
1 Giraffe	1,500.00
Other small animals [illegible] bears, [illegible]nemum	
[illegible]	[illegible]
4 [illegible]-team chariots	[illegible]
125 Horses at $125 each	[illegible]
This price is above the a[illegible]	
125 Harnesses at $[illegible]	[illegible]
2 Advertising cars	[illegible]
Wardrobe	[illegible]
2 Sleepers	[illegible]
10 Flat cars at $[illegible]	[illegible]
6 Horse cars at $[illegible]	[illegible]
Elephant car	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
	$[illegible]

This could be reduced by eliminating the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, giraffe and other very expensive animals, but to this must be added considerable money for stakes, shovels, picks, stake pullers, extra ropes, tickets, blank contracts and all necessary printing, which would bring the cost of the usual "million dollar" circus and menagerie up to about $86,000.

On all this property there is not one dollar of insurance. Once, when on the road, a live stock insurance company came to me to insure our horses, but at the rate at which they wanted to insure them, I soon convinced them that we could not make any money

I might add that a circus and menagerie at the figures I have given would be far better and larger than the average "million dollar show" now on the road, there being certainly not more than three aggregations that cost more than the amount I have given. No man should attempt the show business who has not a fortune, and also plenty of that other kind of capital quite as essential to his success — long experience on the road

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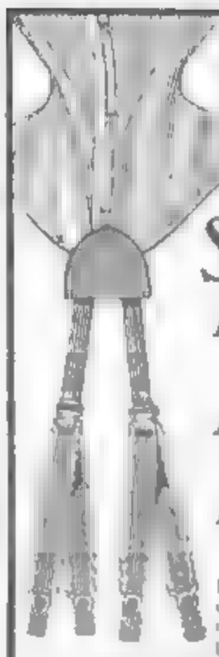

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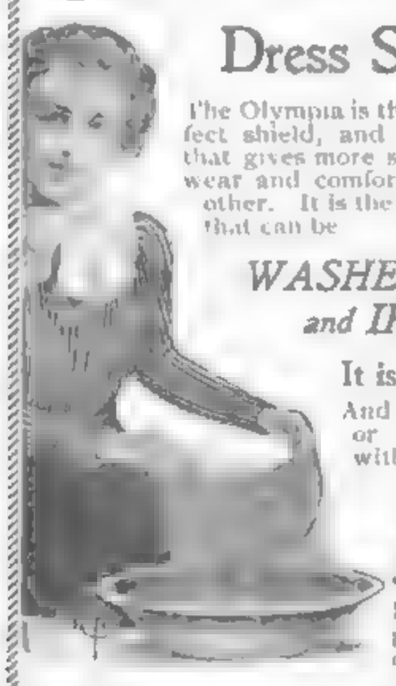

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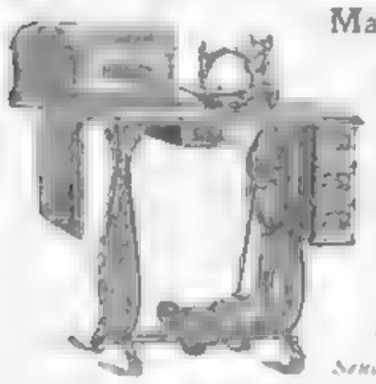

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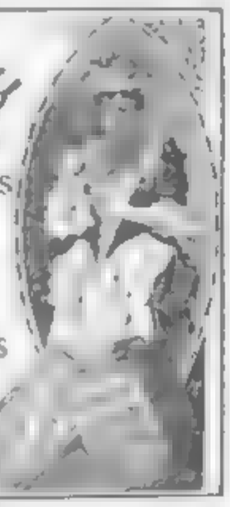

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, May, 1900

I HAVE felt very much in touch lately with that jingling old ditty which grumbles along through a couplet or two and then winds up with this poetic plaint,

'Go up two steps and slip back three,
Such a getting up stairs I never did see,'

for no sooner had I begun to draw a long breath because the Puerto Rican wrangle was over in the Senate than I found that the bill was up to the gentlemen of the House once more. I was almost hoping that Robert would stay away and avoid voting a second time, but my hope was strangled in its birth, for upon talking it all over with Senator P—— I learned that Robert was supposed to be on his way home, that the party mandate had gone forth that all absentees must return and that no shirking would be allowed. As Senator P—— expressed it, the leaders meant to "jam" the bill through in short order, for when the Speaker and the leader on the floor unite their efforts it is no use for anybody to kick. I felt so out of patience with the whole thing that I said tartly

"Well, all I've got to say is that the Republicans are very fatuous. They may pass this old bill forty times over but it is not going to stay passed. The House will find that the public wish may prove to be like the humble camomile plant"

"How so?" asked the Senator

"Why, the more the gardener tramples on the camomile the faster and more furious it grows; this is a well-known fact in horticul[illegible]"

The Senator laughed, and then said:

"Well, Mrs. Slocum, the leaders do not mean to trample on the public wish any more than they can help; not because they have any regard for the public wish, but because they have regard for the public vote, so an early adjournment will be forced if possible The President has signified his wish for an adjournment, and to that end we are keeping all driftwood out of legislation and reducing every measure down to the bare necessities of government. The appropriations are many of them out of the way. Some few things are looming up which the steering committee would be glad to put aside; one of them, and the most troublesome, is the ship subsidy scheme, which is a party and a strictly political measure. We had hoped to lay this over, but certain Senators seem determined to force it to the front." He added "Some of these bills have been so tortuous and devious in their paths that the truth has been rather hazy, for we've been taught that 'truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.'"

"And, speaking of straight lines, I see that your committee has finally taken a unanimously straight line on the Clark case and that you report against him."

"Yes, we could do nothing else, of course. But there were certain aspects of the case upon which we all thought differently, and several had a personally friendly feeling for Clark, so there has been left to him, so far as the committee is concerned, the loophole of resigning"

"I cannot see that it is much of a loophole that only secures a choice of the mode of political decapitation, but I suppose he will be thankful for that.

"You are working down to Mr Quay, at last, too. I suppose there will be a pitched battle over him?"

I was remembering the encounter I had seen between Mr. Wolcott and Mr Lodge on this case, but the Senator would not discuss it, so I said by way of turning the subject and apropos of nothing

"I see that we are threatened with a new 'Commission.' This time it is to be one to Japan and China to study trade conditions, and each man, I suppose, will draw five thousand dollars salary and compensate the country with fifty cents' worth of information."

"You don't approve, then, of Commissions?" laughed the Senator.

I knew he wanted to draw me out, and I was so pessimistic over everything that I did not mind

"Well, how about the War Commission? Did not their conclusion remain in obscurity, or stay locked in their own breasts? And the Philippine Commission? Was not its report so delightfully unenlightening that another Commission had to be formed immediately to go find out what the first one had been driving at? Perhaps we may send a third one to look after the second, and so on. And then we had a Commission to Puerto Rico, and they were so explicit with information that we went to work to th and nail and extended to the island the blessings of the tariff minus the Constitution. Then we have had Commissions to Cuba, which in the long run, mark my words, will report that nothing will suit the Cuban health, complexion and pocket save annexation. We have had a Commission to Hawaii, and, for aught I know, one to Guam; and I should like to know what they've all accomplished and how much information they really have brought back"

"About as much as Macrum and Webster Davis h[illegible] brought back from the Transvaal answered the Senator

"Oh, well, poor Mr. Macrum was only [illegible]ed out of his boots, and I'm glad that Mr [illegible] committee decided not to do anything [illegible] the Macrum inquiry, but Mr Webster Davis——" I stopped. I could not fathom him

"I suspect," said the Senator, "that the truth of Webster Davis is [illegible] he has mistaken himself You see, he is possessed of what you might call a 'pretty wit.' He is undeniably clever of speech, and during the last Congressional campaign he took the stump and proved a strong card. Afterward he was in great demand as a public speaker and he went hither and yon, and I fancy that he became enamored of public speaking, and the step from the public speaker to the public agitator is but a short one, especially when the notion of becoming a prophet to others is added. When this fever was working in his blood he cast about for a cause to work it out on, and lo! the South African struggle was right to his hand

"Well, they say that he spells 'prophet' with an 'I,' in spite of his professed inspiration," I interrupted.

"N–o," said the Senator, shaking his head doubtfully, "I'm inclined to think that, although there is little or no inspiration about him, he starts out honest. I could not see, however, in his initial speech any new thing, or any evidence or hint of a revelation that would work any change of heart in the Government's attitude I think perhaps that the worst that can be said of Webster Davis' motive is that he wants to make personal political capital as an independent leader of the West, and that he has picked out the South African cause as likely to be the most popular to exploit and in which to exploit himself. He is posing as a prophet to tell us that 'this day is ominous.'"

"And that calls to mind that I heard three prophets the other day 'exploiting,' as you call it, Mr. Gorman I heard them say that the reason Mr. Gorman has faced around for Mr. Bryan is that he thinks the only way effectually to shelve Mr. Bryan and pave the way for himself in another four years is to support Mr. Bryan now and get him out of the way. This seemed to me the queerest way of getting rid of a man—to help him to become President by going to a convention and supporting him."

"There's nothing queer about that. In the first place, Mr. Gorman may announce himself for Bryan and even go to the convention for him, but it does not follow that he will work for him."

"You knew Mr. Gorman then?" queried I, trying to get the Senator to launch out upon this son of Maryland, for I had heard that if there was one man whom Senator P—— hated it was the ex Senator from Maryland.

"Oh, yes, I knew Gorman. Everybody in Washington knows Gorman. I knew Dave Hill, too, very well. He and I were good strong friends. I have great respect for Hill He always fought straight and in the open He was of the battle ax type in politics and you knew where to find him, while Gorman w[illegible]——

"Was what?"

The Senator made a queer little burrowing movement near the floor

"Oh, I know," I laughed in triumph,

Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife was begun in the Post of February 3, and will be continued weekly until the adjournment of Congress. Each paper is complete in itself

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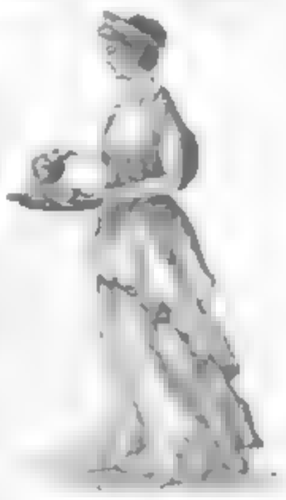

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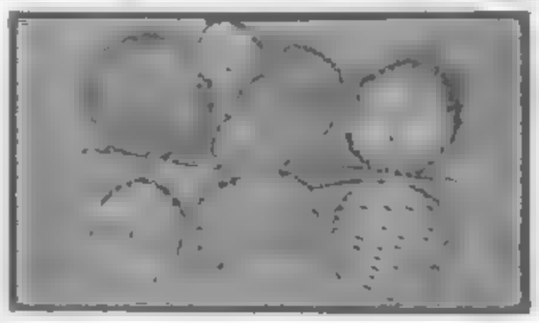

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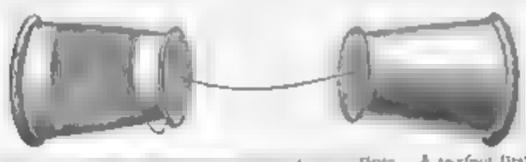

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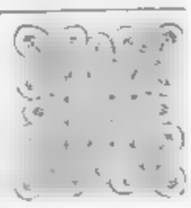

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"but your comparison fails somewhat. He is not blind!"

"Blind? No! He can see around the corner, or in the dark, or into the future quicker than any one we ever had in the Senate. He is brilliant. He is skillful. He is the living exponent of Machiavelli. As some one summed him up only the other day, 'Gorman is a better politician than statesman. He is a plotter rather than an orator, for he plans stronger than he talks, and moves men by force of their own interest as he displays it to them privately.' The trouble with Gorman, and the reason why his ambition has not led him into the broad paths of the political highway, is that he can never quite rid himself of the tactics of a ward politician; but his ambition is boundless. He is burrowing this minute for the Presidency! He has burrowed for it ever since 1892, when he went to the convention, supposedly in the interests of Cleveland but was himself a candidate, though undeclared.

His friends went there carrying with them twenty thousand Gorman badges, silk and gold, big and little. These were to be sprung in convention at an opportune time, but the plans did not work and the badges were sunk in Lake Michigan. When the 'count of noses' took place just before the convention was called, it was found that Gorman had no show whatever, and that Cleveland even was lacking the needed two thirds. It was at this time, on the very eve almost of balloting, that Gorman, on learning where he stood, went into hiding, and in hiding he remained. Cleveland was nominated on the first ballot."

"How did he happen to be swept out of the Senate?"

"Oh, it was on a tidal wave of popular discontent in his State, and if the Republicans had not indulged themselves in some particularly high-handed politics in Maryland last year Mr. Gorman would not have regained control of the State; but there he is and there he means to keep control."

"He is certainly a very handsome man," I said tentatively.

The Senator glanced at me sharply and, fearing some little feminine trap into which he might stumble if he did not agree with me, said:

"In a certain way—yes. He will come back to the Senate, probably, to succeed Wellington in time. But come, Mrs. Slocum, tell me something of your world. What are you and Miss Page doing?"

"We are golfing a little, hunting a little, fencing a little, and attending the gossips' feast every day."

"Gossips' feast?"

The Senator was puzzled and I went on:

"I'm sure if Shakespeare were to come back he'd pronounce the city of Washington a veritable 'gossips' bowl,' for there is enough afloat, as he would put it, to 'make the very air cry out.'"

"What's it all about?" Then suddenly he divined and said amusingly:

"Oh, I understand. They're gossiping about Mr. Dooley's relative, 'Cousin George.' One of my colleagues raised a smile in the Senate when he heard of the new candidate by saying he supposed that the official announcement had been made at an 'afternoon tea.' What do you women have to say about it?"

"About the same that you men do. I tried to feel the pulse of the Navy people on the subject and had the temerity to ask a severe old Admiral what he thought of it, and, instead of feeling his pulse, I felt his cold shoulder. I've not dared to broach the subject since. But I have read a clipping from one of the great London dailies and was quite gratified over its indorsement of our new candidate, and also over its description of the battle he had won at 'Santiago', though naturally I was a trifle disappointed that this great paper did not clear up the hazy point as to whether 'Cousin George' won the battle from San Juan hill or from the deck of his battleship."

It is no use for anybody to lick

I did not get any further, for I was interrupted by a telegram. I knew before I opened it that Robert was coming, and that he would be in time to cast his vote on the morrow, but I did not know that this telegram contained, besides, what was calculated to shake me out of my fancied rut completely. His telegram was dated Baltimore, and read:

"Am arriving for dinner. Am bringing Cousin Melinda with me."

I sat as though suddenly run into an iron mould. Robert was bringing Cousin Melinda with him! She was only forty miles away! I felt as fateful and as breathless as General Sheridan must have felt with Winchester only twenty miles away. What would my series of sprug dinners to the fashionable world and my outdoor fête at Chevy Chase be to me, or I to them, with Cousin Melinda on my hands? How should I apologize for or explain away the presence of Jules in my house? Or my French maid?

"No bad news, Mrs. Slocum, I hope? You look troubled."

"I am. Robert is coming."

Then, realizing how this sounded, I hastened to amend it:

"Robert is bringing an old cousin of ours with him, and——"

I suddenly bethought me that it was already the dinner hour, that the Senator was dining with us, and that at any instant the travelers might walk in. I had no time to explain; I must give orders looking to the comfort of Cousin Melinda. Already my rack and thumbscrew were being felt. Page comforted me wonderfully by looking on the bright side of it as we sat waiting for their arrival.

"Ah'll help you out. Don' you bother. What sort of ol' lady is she?"

"Why, Page," I said anxiously, "she is the most uncompromising, up-and-down honest, inquisitive little old busybody you can conceive of. She has made her home with us out in Spruce City, and she dotes on Robert and me, and I wouldn't do anything for the world to hurt her; but think of all I have on hand, those dinners and that fête—to say nothing of the arrival of Mr. de [illegible]."

I was positively tragic in tone and gesture and neither Page nor the Senator could suppress a smile at my evident distress. I went on:

"She will want to see everything in Washington. She will never rest till she has met the President and Mrs. McKinley. She may, perhaps, ask Mrs. McKinley if she knows the President's socks, or what time in the fall she sets her pickles, or what her receipt for mincemeat is, or where they hang out the White House wash, or——"

I broke down over the dismal picture. Page asked sympathetically:

"Is she sharp with her tongue an' malicious, or only jus' ol'-fashion' an' curious?"

"Oh, she's not a bit malicious. She's really most lovable, but she is unworldly and simple and inquisitive."

"That's all right, then. Ah'll take care of her. Ah'll go sight-seein' with her. Ah'll even show her where the 'wash' is hung in the White House. Ah'll tell her Dolly Madison always use' to hang it up in the East room."

"Oh, Page, you have lifted a tremendous load off my shoulders."

"And, Mrs. Slocum, you bring her up to the Senate, and she shall hold a reception, even in the Vice-President's room, and shake hands with everybody of any importance in both Houses. She shall have luncheon served in state, and even have 'tea' if you say so. I'll even try to explain the methods of legislation to her, and I know that no man's devotion to a cause can go beyond [illegible]."

I was somewhat reassured. I even smiled, but I vowed to myself to have a reckoning with the member from Spruce City when he should arrive.

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The People's Number of the Worthyville Watchman

By William J. Lampton

THE Editor of the Worthyville Evening Watchman sat in his office wondering what he could do to improve his paper and make the people who were paying him twenty-five cents a month for his services have more cause to feel that they were getting their money's worth. A number of complaints had been coming in to him of late and they had caused him to consider ways and means of presenting a paper that was more generally satisfactory. He was wrestling with a new and novel idea when a lady came in and asked for a copy to send away to a friend

"How much is it?" she asked when he handed it to her

"Oh, we never charge subscribers for an extra copy that way," he told her

"Why, I'm sure that is very kind of you," she gurgled "Isn't the postage on a newspaper only a cent?"

"Yes, but you needn't mail it yourself I'll put it in a wrapper for you and you can address it and we'll send it along with our regular mail at so much a pound."

"Well, isn't that lovely! But I don't want you to pay the postage"

"It doesn't amount to anything on one copy and we are always glad to accommodate. How do you like the paper?" he asked shyly.

"I like it very much, all except the politics. I think they are horrid and they oughtn't to be printed"

"But we couldn't very well leave politics out"

"I don't know about that. I think the most interesting paper I see is the Ladies' Review, and there isn't a word of politics in it. You know our Ladies Literary Club was just talking about the Watchman the other day, and we said how perfectly lovely it would be if the politics were out of it."

They talked a while longer, and when the visitor went out the Editor called the foreman in and had a conference with him The foreman said he was on and went back to the composing-room

As the back door shut the front door opened and in came a well-known Worthyville sport

"Gimme a copy of Saturday's Watchman," he said breezily "You had more good sporting news in there than you've had for weeks. The only objection I've got to your rag is that it is too shy on sports.

"We give all the space to them we can afford to spare," responded the Editor in an apologetic tone.

"Drop out something else then," suggested the sport

"What, for instance?"

"Well, that column about women. Lord knows we get enough of women without having them in the newspapers. And the religious column might go along with it The preachers have their innings on Sunday in their churches and they don't want the earth, do they?"

The Editor said he didn't think they did and as the sport went out he jotted down a note on a slip of paper and stuck it on the hook

Presently the leading Literary Luminary came in and asked if he mightn't look over the exchanges. The Editor told him to help himself, and as he did so he ventured a few remarks

"I wish you would write me a short local story," said the Editor with considerable trepidation. "We can't pay you in money for it, but you can have any newspapers or magazines or books that come in."

"What's the use?" protested the Literary Luminary "If I write anything it gets sandwiched in between advertisements and local notices and is utterly lost."

"But we can't very well help having the advertisements, you know," said the Editor in mild self defense

"If I were running a paper there shouldn't be one in it," argued the Literary Luminary with the large knowledge of his kind. "By Jove! this thing of giving over your columns to people who have the money to buy them is no more than selling yourself. Take out the advertisements, say I," and as he rummaged into the pile of exchanges the Editor made another note to stick on the hook and went front to see his pastor.

"There's a notice of our church fair and festival for to-morrow night," said the reverend gentleman. "Give it a good place and put a nice head over it, won't you?"

The Editor marked it *Ph* and stuck it on the copy hook.

"I was sorry to see that sensational thing in the paper last night," the pastor said rather reprovingly.

"It came along with the other news," explained the Editor

"I suppose so; but can't you control your own matter? There is too much of that kind of news in the papers these days. I'd throw it all out. And the sporting news, too, and police and divorce court matter. It does no good and is calculated to do great harm."

"But we have to have some of it," pleaded the Editor

"Not at all; not at all. Some of the best reading matter the world has ever known is free from it."

The Editor could not deny this, and, after promising he would see that a change was made, he bowed the pastor out and turned to meet a farmer subscriber who had just come in.

"I left a bushel of apples up to your house," said that worthy, "and if you'll make a note of it in the paper I'll call it square. Be sure and say I've got 'em for sale. And, by the way, I noticed your market reports was short last night.

"Yes," said the Editor, "we had a rush of news and had to clip the markets a little."

Mebbe it's good policy and mebbe it ain't," commented the farmer. "In my judgment markets is more important than most of the news that's printed. You could throw out about two-thirds of what you git in and nobody be any less wiser by it. Who cares fer all the little things that's happenin'? Let it go and give us markets. They're business."

The Editor wrote the notice of the apples, made another note, stuck them both on the hook and, after a few minutes' chat with the farmer who told him there wasn't any news in his neighborhood, went back to see the foreman. The foreman smiled and nodded as the Editor talked to him, and then went over and took several handfuls of type out of the forms on the stone

It was now 10.30 A. M. and the Editor went around to the post-office. When he came back the big politician of the town, the "Boss," was waiting for him.

"By George! Haskins," he said, coming to the point directly, "that editorial you had on the situation last night was plumb rot and no mistake."

I didn't think so," protested the Editor.

"Of course you didn't, or you wouldn't have wrote it. I give you credit for that much sense, anyhow. But what's the good of your editorializing? Nobody reads editorials in this kind of a paper. They know it's you and that knocks the pith out of them You'd a blamed sight better not have any editorials at all."

"Do you really believe that?" inquired the Editor cheerfully

"Bet your life I do They don't amount to shucks"

"But it takes time and brains to write them"

I [illegible] waste of raw material. Quit it [illegible] rest and yourself and your readers, too."

Then he went out and the Editor made another note and stuck it on the hook for the foreman.

By and by a pretty girl came in and the Editor bowed and smiled and scraped around just as any bachelor would.

"Oh, Mr. Haskins," she twittered, "I'm going to have a pink tea to-morrow and you must be sure to come and write it up. I'll tell you what everybody has on and you can just spread yourself."

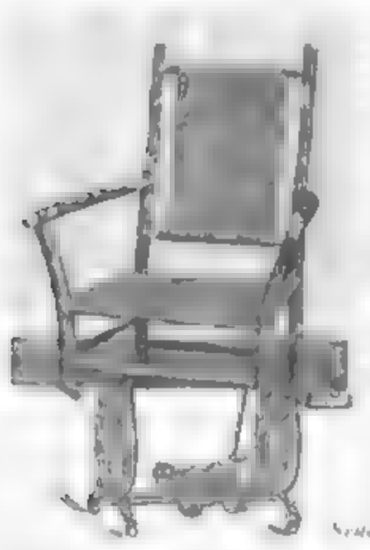
"I'm sure I should be only too happy," he responded, "but we are going to have some extra market reports to-morrow and I'm afraid I can't give your charming entertainment as much space as it deserves"

"Oh, those horrid market reports!" she wailed. "I think they are perfectly dreadful, and I've always wondered what you had them in the paper for. I'm sure I never read a line of them in my whole life."

"That has only been a very short time, Miss Fannie," smiled the Editor

"Oh, you flatterer!" she chirruped "But I'll forgive you if you will promise not to

OLD HICKORY



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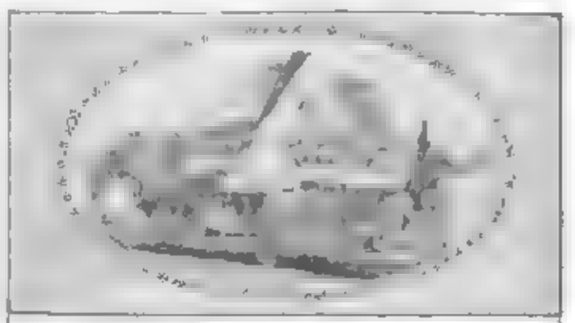

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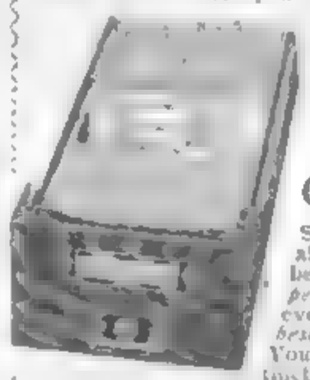

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have any more market reports and have my tea take the space they occupy."

The Editor wouldn't promise, but he made a note and hung it on the hook, and five minutes after the pretty girl had gone the Profoundest Thinker of all Worthyville entered.

"You didn't get that article of mine on The Correlation of Concepts to Concretions in the paper yesterday," he said with some annoyance apparent in his manner.

"I'm very sorry," explained the Editor, "but at the very last moment a number of Personal and Society items came in and we had to hold it over."

"Personals and society!" sniffed the Thinker. "For the life of me I can't see what you print that kind of stuff for. Surely nobody wants to read it. If I were you I would see that it went headlong into the waste basket. Hold my article if you please until Saturday's paper," and the Thinker walked out severely.

The Editor made another note and stuck it on the hook just as a real estate improver and a town boomer came in.

"We've got a column about getting the new factory located in Sylvanside Addition that we would like to get in the paper," he said by way of greeting.

"Isn't that rubbing it in just a little?" inquired the Editor, who had not so much as received a deed to a town lot in the new Addition for his manifold services in promoting its publicity.

DRAWN BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

"Don't they really like it?" the Editor queried

"I don't know that it is. You've got lots of space and this is helping the town."

"Lots of space?" repeated the Editor.

"Of course. I noticed just a while ago two columns on the inside given up to a lot of stuff clipped out of other papers that doesn't do the town any more good than a rain storm in Alaska. Why don't you throw out that sort of trash, anyhow?"

"We can't very well."

"Can't you? Well, if you heard what people say about it you would, whether you could or not."

"Don't they really like it?" the Editor queried diffidently.

"Like it? Great Scot, they fairly snort at it. I heard one man say to-day that he guessed you had hired Noah as your exchange editor. You'd better run an 'empty' than load up with that stuff."

Then the promoter with a pleasant good-day went out and the Editor met a few more persons with suggestions before he went to his dinner at high noon. When he came back at one o'clock he went out into the composing-room and had a conference with the foreman, who busied himself about the forms under the Editor's direction.

At two o'clock a man came in swearing mad. He was a Prominent Citizen and he had been insulted, or words to that effect.

"By gravy! Haskins," he exclaimed, "it seems to me I have been in this town long enough for that measly reporter of yours to know my name."

"Doesn't he?" asked the Editor, astonished and pained at such reportorial ignorance.

"If he does know it, he doesn't seem to be able to use his knowledge. By crackey, he's got me down as John B. Thompson, when anybody ought to know I don't spell my name with a *p*. But I couldn't expect much more, for of all the collections of stale, flat and unprofitable things your local news is the worst. The paper would be a darned sight better off without a line of it."

"No local news!" ejaculated the Editor, almost horrified by the thought.

"That's what I said. Do you need a map and a diagram?" and the Prominent Citizen plumped his card down on the table and flounced out.

The Editor sat down and mopped his brow for a minute or two while he listened to a few remarks from the Mayor of the city on communications appearing in the paper criticising him and his official acts, with a final handful of scattering comment on other paragraphs equally subversive of the peace and dignity of the State and the constitutional rights of people to do as they pleased without being pilloried in the public prints by the shafts and arrows of irresponsible persons too cowardly to let their names be known. The Editor smiled at the mixed metaphors of the mad Mayor and promised to see about it. Then he went into the composing-room and told the foreman to get the forms ready and send them to press. The foreman grinned at the appearance of what he was looking up, and just as he got to the first page which was the last to go down, the leading sign painter of the town came into the room, and stopped to "chin the Editor a while."

"You've got a mighty good paper," he said—he had received a stickful of puff the day before—"but the head you've got on it is the most inartistic piece of work I know of," he added.

"We had an idea it was pretty fair," ventured the Editor.

"If I had a head like that," laughed the painter, "I'd go soak it."

"What would you really do about it?" asked the Editor seriously.

"Chop it off quicker than Cromwell cut off the head of King Charles," said the painter and went on out through the front office.

The Editor nodded to the foreman and in a few minutes the form was locked up and sent down.

Promptly at four o'clock the Worthyville Watchman appeared and at supper-time the office was filled with indignant subscribers. Every one of them had his paper with him and never a paper had a line on any of its pages. Everything was gone out of it and there was only a four-page wilderness of whiteness. The Editor was not in the office, but a big notice was posted in a conspicuous place to the effect that the Watchman would explain in its next issue.

On the following day in large letters at the top of the editorial page this notice appeared:

"TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

"Our issue of yesterday appeared in accordance with suggestions made to us by subscribers who think they know how to run a newspaper, and comment is unnecessary upon the result.

All we have to say is that hereafter we shall run the Watchman as we d—— please. Now is the time to subscribe.

"HEZEKIAH HASKINS,
"Editor and Proprietor."

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OF EX-GOVERNOR BLACK, of New York, a story is going the rounds. In a lawsuit he was pitted against an undersized country lawyer. In making an address the Governor took occasion to denounce some proposition of the other side.

"It is false: false in every particular. You might as well say that twice two were five, or——" Here he paused a second. The old man leaned forward and said, in a stage-whisper, "Or that black was white."

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The Temptations of Young Business Men — A Talk with Robert C. Ogden

ROBERT C. OGDEN, who, as John Wanamaker's chief aid for many long, successful years, is one of the best-known, best-liked and best-equipped men in the metropolitan business world, speaks decisively upon most matters appertaining to affairs commercial. Naturally, therefore, upon the subject of trusted employees and the ways and means of helping them to continue their positions of trust, Mr. Ogden's words carry unusual weight. With an army of employees to direct, here is a man who should know thoroughly that upon which he so earnestly descants. Judge for yourself:

"The inclination toward dishonesty is like all other human tendencies that make for good or evil; it is either bred in the blood or developed by environment. Some few men are born to thievery; the great majority who step aside from the path of rectitude are, however, the victims of an impulse, a sudden, uncontrollable desire to possess what does not, and can not, by any legitimate achievement belong to them. The average transgressor of the laws of perfect integrity is not necessarily lost to all sense of honor, of the common decency of conduct, of what is best in the making of a sterling character. Such men, be they young or old, are the unconscious dupes of their own weak wills, silly caprices or unhealthy ambitions.

The Shortsighted Conceit of Dishonesty

"In a large measure employers are responsible for the culpability of their employees. In too many instances the opportunity to steal is thrust under the noses of young men; a futile system, or no definite system at all, of oversight upon the accounts of a trusted employee gives him the suggestion that he may hide his dishonesty under false entries. Remove temptation and you erase the whole black catalogue of sin.

"Of course, in this connection I am speaking only of men who become dishonest after a career of integrity and right living. The hardened criminal, the deliberate, scheming embezzler is not taken into consideration as a part of the present discussion. The fact is apparent, to every close observer of men in the business world, that the supreme folly of stealing is invariably committed because the opportunity for the guilty act presented itself in a form more or less enticing and seemingly safe. No employee dips into the coffers of his employer except with the conviction that his crime will not be detected. Your gentleman of thieving proclivities, whether he is a common pickpocket or an influential bank cashier, is sure that he can outwit the world; he is convinced of his own abounding cleverness. The pilferer of every degree is a magnificent egotist.

The Only Sure Preventive of Fraud

"The attempt to forestall the misappropriation of money on the part of an employee by resorting to ingenious and complicated systems of checks is like trying to measure the pace of Niagara with a stop-watch. The best way to prevent peculation is to first find men recommended for honesty, men who have been weighed in the balance and not found wanting; after that there is time to introduce your mechanisms for compulsory integrity. The more involved the plan of surveillance in a large business office the greater the chance for contemplative dishonesty. Clever rascals are only piqued by elaborate plans laid for their ensnarement; the pursued thief likes nothing better than a tangling maze behind which to hide his guilty person. Simple methods are the best, in business as in most other affairs of life.

"The one effective means for preventing fraud on any scale is to know, day by day, just what the man behind the ledger and the cash-box knows; to keep in such close touch with each of his many transactions that the misplacement of a penny, the entry of one false figure will be apparent at the end of the day. Of course this is impossible in an establishment where hundreds of clerks are employed and necessarily trusted. In such cases the frequent and rigid auditing of the books of the concern is the best preventive.

"Human nature, in the main, is worthy of confidence; men as they go are not prone to fraud and dishonesty. The young man starting out on a business career is too mindful of the future to yield readily to temptation; it is the older men who have attained comparatively exalted positions, but whose ambition for quickly acquired riches has never been gratified, who are most apt to become defaulters. Women are not beyond the pale of dishonesty; it is an admission forced upon the most gallant of men who have had extended dealings with the weaker sex. It is the very fact that they are the weaker vessels that makes them more liable to transgress. Vanity has played the leading part in nearly every considerable act of depredation whether by men or women. With the latter it is the desire to have costlier attire than others; with men it is the wish to ape our millionaires which leads to large thefts.

"A strict and accurate auditing of accounts, a careful tabulation and recording of every business transaction, a periodical examination by expert accountants, the insistence upon a clean and regular mode of life on the part of those most responsible in a business organization—these are the chief and vital principles antagonizing and suppressing dishonesty. Where such methods are in vogue there is but scant opportunity for employees, to whatever extent they are trusted, to filch from the funds they handle.

The Motives That Spur on Dishonest Acts

"Great and pressing necessity has not often driven men to dishonesty. Extravagance is the most common motive behind the story of every absconding bank official; the feverish desire to live at the rate of $10,000 a year on an income one-fifth that amount makes nearly every defalcation the twin brother of overwhelming debt. One of the noblest men I ever knew was an embezzler.

"He fell from grace not because he desired an extravagant and luxurious life which his income would not permit, but because he appropriated money in his keeping to aid and support those who were dependent upon him for the necessities of life. Most of the stolen money went to the education of younger relatives and the maintenance of those whom he could not have supported with his comparatively meagre salary. It was my privilege to assist this man when the inevitable crash came. He is a man whom I shall always respect, though the motive behind his act in no way nullified the enormity of his sin. But such cases as this are rare exceptions.

"Let a young man model his career upon a basis of absolute, undeviating honesty and he will not have to seek long for a place of trust. Let him always be in a position to shake hands with himself, for self-respect is as good as the respect of others. The men who to-day control great business enterprises are looking for youths in whom they may place limitless confidence. The world stands ready to wait hand and foot upon those who have proved themselves beyond the seduction of any tempter. Diogenes looking for an honest man has not yet ceased his searching, for though there are many men who are honest in matters of money, there are many more who lack honesty in matters affecting the perfect performance of duty. There is a dishonesty which does not stoop to steal, but which pretends to a faithful service while actually shirking work waiting to be done. That is the commoner transgression of commercial ethics, and one to be avoided by the man who seeks to mould himself for higher things as he would avoid the touch of a leper."

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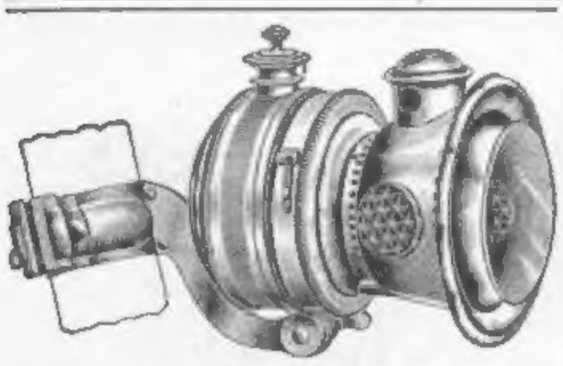

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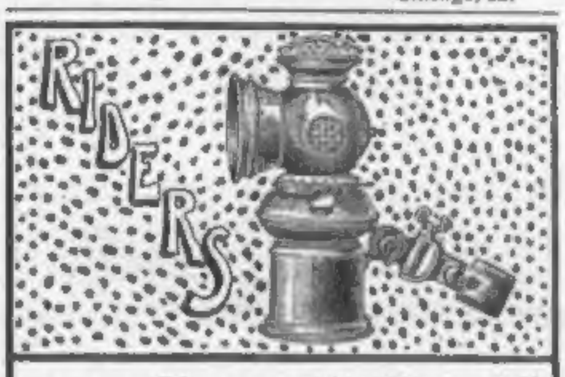

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Goldwin Smith's United Kingdom*

IT IS somewhat curious that the two best books on the United States have been written by foreigners. Bryce's American Commonwealth is entitled to first place. Dr. Goldwin Smith's United States is probably next. As a political study of the nation it is not equaled, and, though no reader may agree with its every estimate and statement, yet none can escape the interest, ripeness and scholarship of the work. Its success naturally led Doctor Smith to do for Great Britain what he had done for America, and at the end of the preface to his new work we find this sentence: "The friends who urged the writer to undertake this task know that it has been performed by the hand of extreme old age."

More than forty years ago Doctor Smith was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford; it is over thirty years ago that he came to this country to fill the chair of English and Constitutional History in Cornell University, and for twenty-nine years he has been one of the most distinguished of Canadians; so it may be true that the work was performed by the hand of extreme old age, but a reading of this, his last work, shows incontestably that, though the hand may have been aged, the mind was as clear, as direct and as competent as if it had not lived through the better part of a great century, many of whose important events he has personally witnessed.

In truth, Doctor Smith has done a great good, not only for history but for people who want to read history with enjoyment. The manner in which he has handled the events, tendencies and evolutions of the dozen and more centuries and told the continuous story of the United Kingdom is beyond all praise.

Doctor Smith's text is this sentence from Pym: "The best form of government is that which doth actuate and inspire every part and member of a State to the common good." Beginning with the statement that England has taken the lead in solving the problem of constitutional government, and that she it is who more than any other has had to deal with great internal problems, he traces the rise of the Kingdom to the middle of the present century, very wisely omitting references to contemporaries and modern leaders—even to Disraeli or Gladstone—and writing strictly as a historian, but with a positiveness of opinion that makes every page alive and entertaining. He is delightfully candid in his portraiture. For instance, he calls Queen Elizabeth "a virago who spat, swore and cuffed," who was false and perfidious, heartless and selfish, and capable at times of hateful cruelty, even to inciting murder itself.

Of another figure of English history he says: "The name of George III cannot be penned without a pang—can hardly be penned without a curse, such mischief was he fated to do the country," and in this connection Doctor Smith says that "the moral improvement of the nation, which by this time had begun, was due less to the influence of the Court than to that of Methodism, with which assuredly the Court had little to do, and of the evangelical movement within the Establishment which Methodism set on foot."

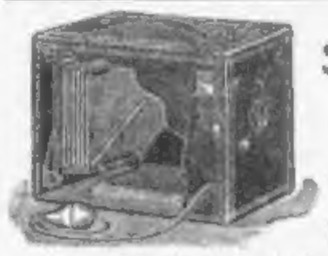
His treatment of the War of the Revolution of the American Colonies is necessarily brief, but intensely interesting. He takes the view that the separation was sure to come, and in the end the loss of the Colonies was to Great Britain a gain in disguise.

This is his opinion of the War of 1812: "A fratricidal and fruitless conflict was closed at last by a treaty in which no mention was made of either of the two ostensible causes of the war. American historians fancy that this was a second war of independence. Had Napoleon, by the help of the Americans, triumphed over English and European freedom, would Louisiana now be a State of the Union? Might not his insatiable ambition have trampled on the Union itself?"

Thus we see that Doctor Smith gives us something to think over—and often to object to—as we read. He touches tender points, whether his readers be American, English, French or Spanish; but all the same he carries us along by the power of his narrative and the brilliancy of his style.

It is in all respects one of the greatest books of this decade, and as interesting as it is great, a permanent contribution to history in the best meaning of the word. —*Lynn Roby Meekins.*

*The United Kingdom. A Political History. By Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. *The Macmillan Company.*



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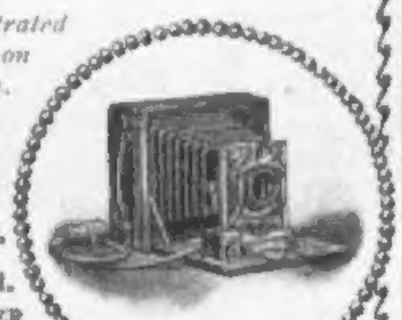

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Literary Folk as they Come and Go

Mrs. Catherwood's Fancy for Variety

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has just begun work upon a historical novel dealing with the romantic side of American pioneer life in the closing years of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. This is to be the largest undertaking to which Mrs. Catherwood has yet put her hand, whether considered from the viewpoint of ambition, its geographical scope, or the richness of the historical materials upon which it is based. With the exception of one short story this is the first work the author of The Romance of Dollard and The Story of Tonty has done since she left her country home in Hoopeston, Illinois.

The greatest difficulty Mrs. Catherwood encounters in the prosecution of this new work is the temptation to take up other plots and short sketches. Never does the half-finished story that has long been pigeonholed in her desk seem so alluring to this woman as when she faces a new task of ambitious proportions, and one which must be finished within a given time.

Homeopathy Applied to Literature

William Archer, the English author and dramatic critic, is fighting in the British army in South Africa. One of Mr. Archer's early and best-known works was his translation of Ibsen's dramas into English. After the publication of this work a London literary woman asked him how he came to spend so much time upon that kind of work.

"I did it," replied Mr. Archer, "to keep myself from going to sleep in the evening."

"Ah! *similia similibus*, I presume?"

Mr. Archer's answer is not recorded.

Editorial Persistency Rewarded

For the last fourteen years the editor of one of the large London illustrated weekly journals has written an annual letter to W. S. Gilbert, of Pinafore and Bob Ballads fame, for a Christmas story. For fourteen years Mr. Gilbert has annually replied through his secretary that "Mr. Gilbert regretted that he would be unable to comply with the request, as Mr. Gilbert was not writing anything for serial publication." Last year the patient editor wrote his fifteenth letter, and this time the answer came in the author's own handwriting. It was to the effect that Mr. Gilbert would send him a Christmas story. Therefore, just after the holidays of last winter, work was begun, and now the manuscript has been turned in. It will appear next winter both in England and America.

When Professor Tait was an Anarchist

Professor P. G. Tait, of Edinburgh University, the author of that great work, The Unseen Universe, has a grim humor akin to that of the Norseman. When a student at the college of which he is now a distinguished professor he made himself speedily known. The first day in his lodging-house he found that his next-door neighbor, a young woman, was in the habit of practicing on a piano during his study hours. He conveyed his compliments to her with a request that she would confine her practice to the time he was attending lectures or taking his constitutional walk. The young woman sent back a curt refusal. The next day when she touched the first note of her exercise there came from his room a hideous discord from the loudest bagpipes he had been able to purchase the night before. She was plucky and stood it for a day or two, and then a treaty of peace was negotiated, in which she acceded to his desires. The following week a student of elocution moved in and began operations. The Professor says: "I didn't know whether he was rehearsing for the stage, the pulpit or the hustings, but he made enough noise for all three."

A similar request was sent to the elocutionist and a similar reply delivered in return. In addition came the information that "the student had a private tutor who was developing his voice." The following day when the house was filled with oratory a volley of explosions came from Tait's room, followed by smoke and unearthly smells. The lessons in oratory were suspended and every one in the house collected to find out what the trouble was.

Tait with unmoved countenance said to the astonished landlord: "As there seems to be no restraint upon the nature of the studies pursued in these lodgings, I have begun a series of experiments in high explosives from which I expect to draw much advantage."

A second treaty was drawn, signed and witnessed within the next five minutes.

Captain Kettle Ashore

C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne lives in a handsome place in the outskirts of Bradford, England, and does his work in a house that is literally crammed with trophies of the chase. The library looks like a corner of the Sportsman's Show. The walls, where there are no windows, doors, pictures or bookshelves, are covered with all sorts of antlers. In the centre of this room there is a large flat desk, on one side of which the novelist writes and on the other Mrs. Hyne works with the typewriter. The literary labors of the Hyne family are impartially divided between the author and his wife. Mr. Hyne is a giant in stature, spare in frame and the picture of an athlete. His wife is of rather more than ordinary height but is dwarfed by her tall husband. She enters into his life in the most helpful fashion. As he writes she takes each sheet of manuscript as he finishes it and transcribes it into legible "printers' copy" on the typewriter. When he is tired writing he dictates to her. This is wholly a labor of love on the part of Mrs. Hyne. She had a large fortune when she married, and her husband is in receipt of a handsome income from his writings.

The novelist is fond of boasting of his wife's capabilities.

"She writes all my best stories," he says; "if you don't believe it I'll show you the copy."

Though Mrs. Hyne may not be altogether responsible for her husband's success she has much to do with it. Mr. Hyne is an inveterate traveler. He has been in almost every habitable part of the globe, including Africa and the Arctics. He generally travels at least 10,000 miles a year, and in all his later journeys Mrs. Hyne has accompanied him. He is thirty-six years old and was married three years ago.

Versatile Booth Tarkington

Newton Booth Tarkington, the author of The Gentleman from Indiana, which, by the way, is a first novel, once sang before a Philadelphia audience. He was at that time a member of the Princeton Glee Club. Now you cannot trust implicitly the judgment of your friends. They are apt to exaggerate your good points. This is especially true of vocalists and amateur actors. Therefore, Mr. Tarkington does not place the utmost reliance upon the statement of his most intimate friends that on this occasion he exhibited an imbecility of attitude and a lunacy of eye never otherwise equaled. It appears that a girl, who knew Mr. Tarkington, had thrown a bouquet to him just before he began to sing and it landed on the stage about thirty feet distant from him—wholly out of reach. This may have accounted for his inability to do himself justice. But when it comes to writing Mr. Tarkington shows off to a much better advantage.

To a New York friend, the other day, who asked for a biographical note he wrote in reply:

"Princeton gave me an A. M. last fall. The rest of my career is all negatives. Never married, never been in business, never drove a street car, never conducted a bank, never even been on a paper except at Princeton, and that doesn't count. The best thing about this Princeton paper is that my predecessors were Robert Bridges, Jesse Lynch Williams, James Barnes and Professors Stone and West."

America the Best Field for Fiction

During his recent visit to New York, Robert Barr, who is one of the best business men among the successful authors of the day, was talking to a friend about his American visit.

"There never was a time," he said, "when America was more fruitful in good stories than now. There are some wonderful characters up in Canada and along the Great Lakes waiting to be put into print. I regard America as one of the best fields for fiction in the world to-day."

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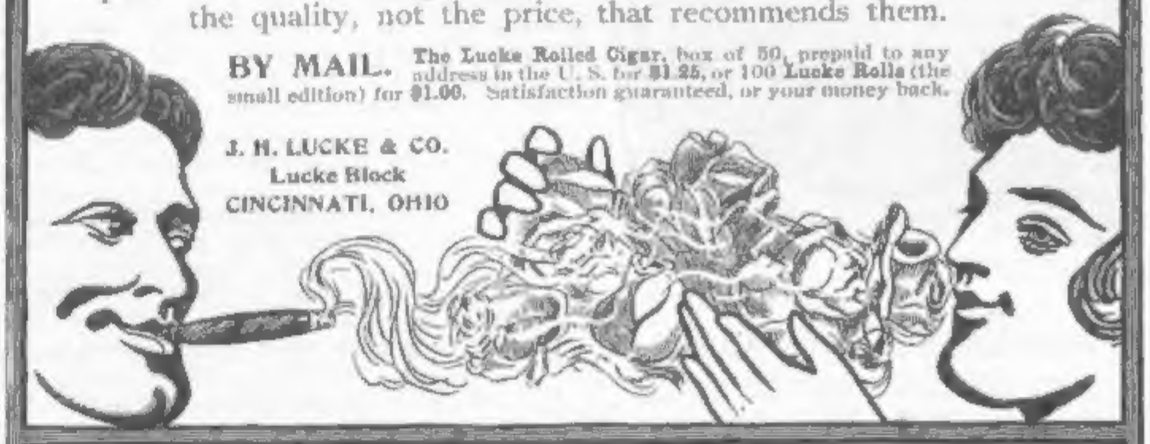

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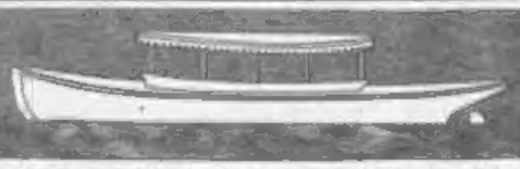

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